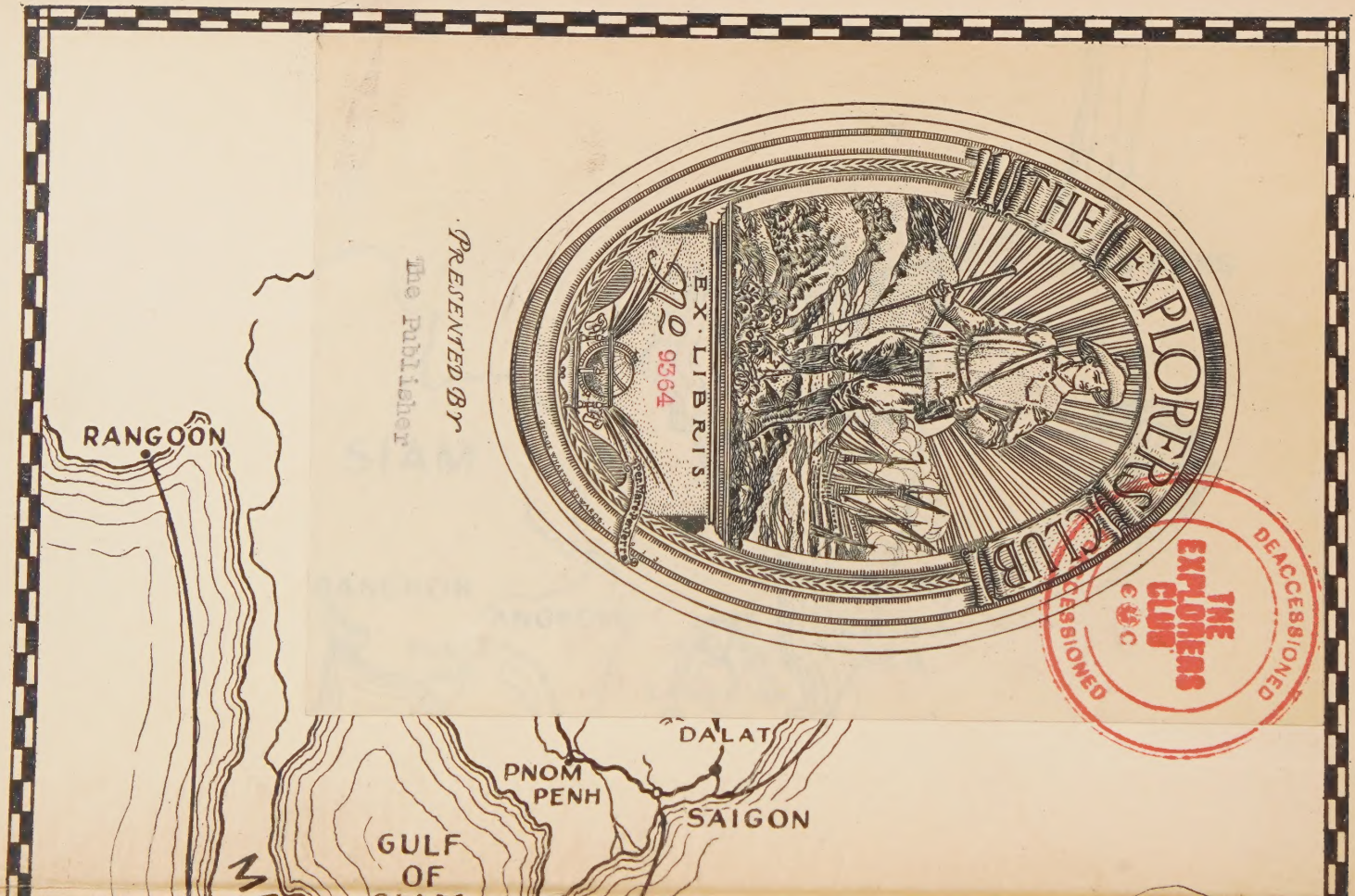
TRAILING THE TIGER

MARY HASTINGS BRADLEY



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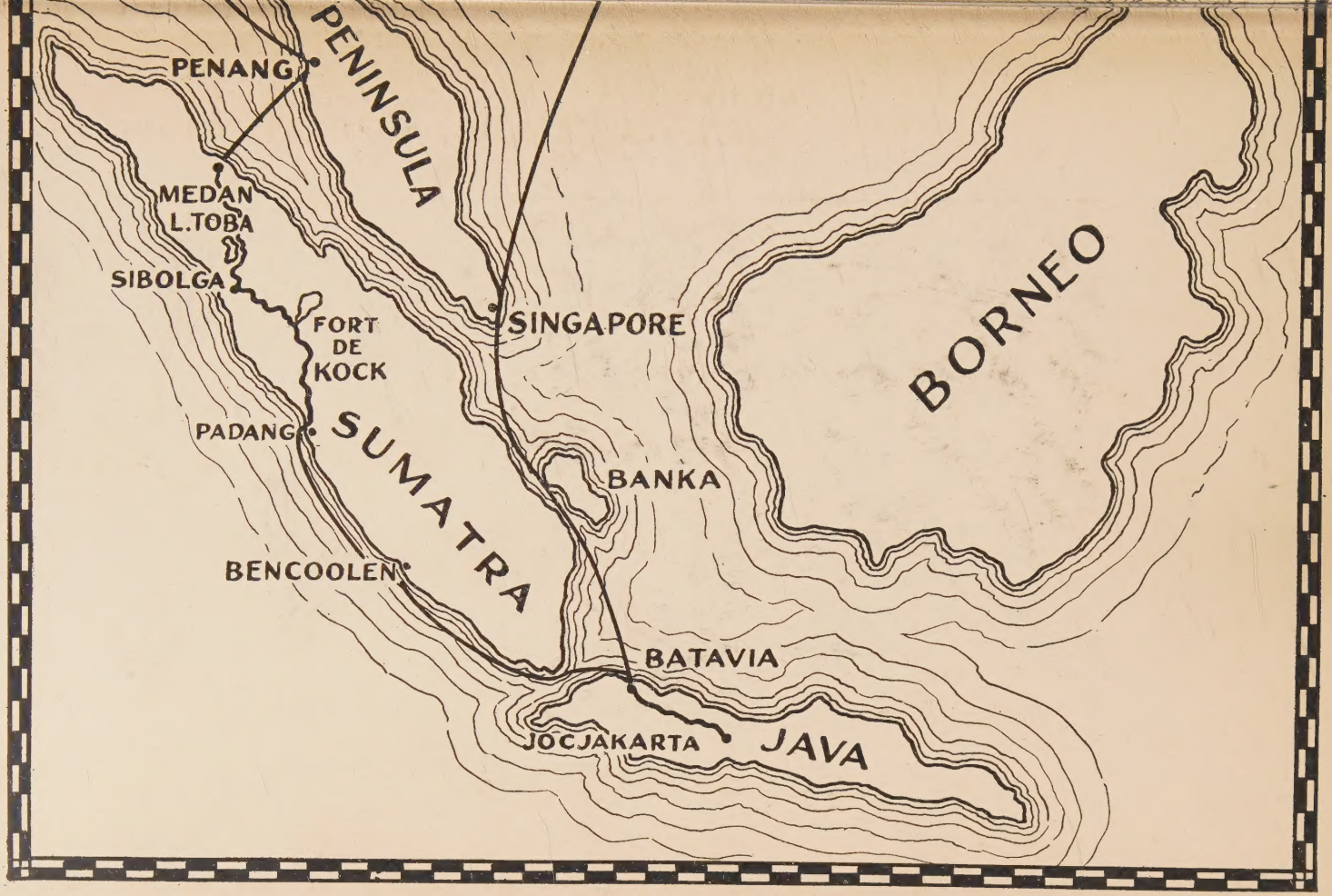
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TRAILING THE TIGER

Trailing the Tiger, by Mary Hastings Bradley. N. Y., Appleton, 1929. $3.50. Explorers Journal, April-June, 1929

Here is one of the most delightful travel books imaginable and one that does not leave you wondering whether to believe it or not. Perhaps it is because Mrs. Bradley's books are always so truthful, so full of genuine information, so devoid of vulgarity, that none has yet been "selected" by some group of famous authors as a "book of the month." There are few authors who have the ability to trail a tiger through thirteen chapters and only catch him in the fourteenth, without losing the interest of the reader, but Mrs. Bradley has succeeded in doing this so well that, once you start her book, you will keep on until, "out of the wall of distant shadows came a gleam of gold and black—vivid as lightning against the green—and the tiger walked out of the jungle." I read the book in one afternoon and thoroughly enjoyed myself. Add *Trailing the Tiger* to your library—you will not regret it.—Carveth Wells.

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BY MARY HASTINGS BRADLEY

Author of
"On the Gorilla Trail," etc.

A trained and skillful novelist here gives an account of her trip into the wilds of Africa. Mary Hastings Bradley, with her husband and nine-year-old daughter, chanced a thousand deaths to invade the mountainous cannibal country which lies to the west of Lake Edward, a district into which hardly a white person had ever penetrated before. In "Caravans and Cannibals" the places that she and her party visited, the people they saw and the strange adventures they had all go to make a remarkably vivid and dramatic narrative. Episodes connected with the little girl's experiences are of particular interest as Mrs. Bradley presents them, as are the details of the great hunting expedition. In this delightful narrative the author brings her splendid descriptive powers to the portrayal of scenery, natives and big game and writes with fine appreciation of the beauty and impressiveness of Africa.

MR. AND MRS. BRADLEY IN CAMP

TRAILING THE TIGER

BY Mary Hastings Bradley

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To

THE TIGER

WHO MADE THIS BOOK POSSIBLE

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CHAPTER I

GLIMPSES OF INDIA

AFRICA lay behind us, a blue blur on the horizon. Zanzibar, white sands and jade-green reef water, slanted palms and scent of cloves, was slipping farther and farther away on the bright seas of the Indian Ocean.

We were off to the Indies, to British India, to the Dutch East Indies, to French Indo-China. There were the same six of us who had just journeyed thirty-five hundred miles through Africa—fourteen hundred of them on foot—my husband and myself; our small Alice who had her ninth birthday in the interior of Africa; Miss Williams, a trained nurse, Alice's guardian-companion; and two professors from the University of Chicago, Professor Harry A. Bigelow of the Law School and Professor Arthur P. Scott of the History Department.

We had a variety of interests in the journey ahead of us, studies of colonial expansion, native rights of property, comparison of the native life with that of the tribes of Africa—and the tiger. My personal horizon was striped orange and black with that tiger.

We knew nothing of tigers. There are no tigers

in Africa, though novels of South Africa speak of tigers because the Boer farmers often give that name to leopards. The very newness of the game appealed to us, in imagination, at rest in our deck chairs.

We were lean and leg-weary from tracking elephants through the depths of the Ituri forest, as offerings to the cannibal tribes with whom we were sojourning, from stalking buffalo through deep grass, from hurrying across endless plains after lions that had four legs to our two. We had made the first expedition through the untouched mountains west of Lake Edward in the Belgian Congo—a little jaunt that we recommend to those travelers who wish to escape from the luxuries of the too-easy beaten path of Africa!—we had stood all night on shiveringly cold African highlands, our guns at attention, while raiding elephants pillaged within thirty feet of us—we had faced angry, uproarious cannibals—we had done a lot of things that would never be dull in our memories, so for the moment we were greatly content to be doing nothing at all more violent than looking forward to pleasantly distant activity.

In India we were merely travelers. We had no designs upon the Bengal tiger, for shooting tigers from an elephant was no part of our plans. My husband always hunts on foot, though not from any love of walking. It is the most difficult and the most dangerous sort of hunting, and the most rewarding in

experience. Shooting from an elephant is certainly a test of marksmanship, but you must lose that thrill of danger which is the exhilaration of hunting big game.

Moreover we had read so much about that way of hunting, and we heard so much from the English passengers on the *Karagola,* that we fancied we should feel ourselves enacting a familiar drama. The clamorous drive . . . the beaters advancing . . . the slinking, tawny form slipping through the reeds—then the rifle's roar, the snarl of the wounded beast and the striped fury flinging itself upon the elephant, plucked opportunely off by the elephant's trusty trunk. . . .

No, we'd go to our rendezvous on foot. For us the pastures new of Sumatra, where tigers were said to abound, and initiation to whatever type of hunting prevailed there.

So across India we went as travelers and our only encounter with tigers was in the Victoria Gardens at Bombay where we stood and watched the great striped beasts weaving to and fro in their cramped cages, and wondered if we were actually to meet them face to face in their native jungles.

The tiger in captivity gives a keener impression of the natural wild animal than any other. The lion has a dignified, bored apathy to a man-made world; the Indian elephant—I have never seen an African cap-

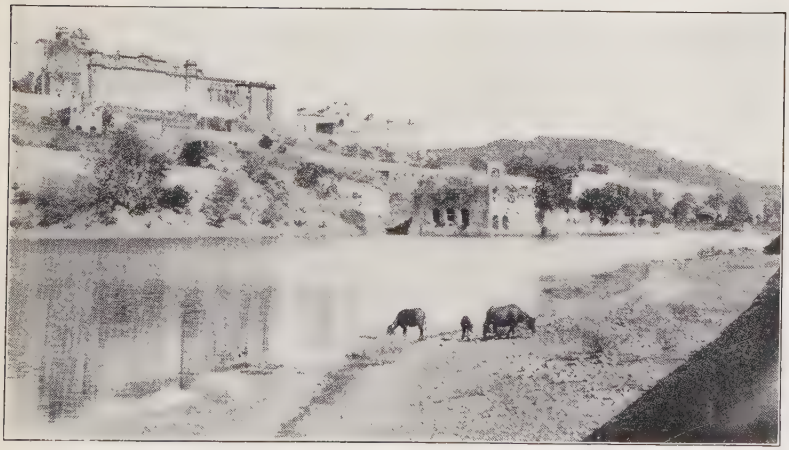
tive in the zoos—is a melancholy creature of routine; the buffalo becomes a dull, grazing brute; but the tiger is forever unreconciled to his imprisonment, forever ruthless.

Those implacable green eyes staring out of the bars at you, the throaty snarl and the tongue hot for blood, the lashing tail and the great muscles rippling under the gorgeous skin, impatient for their old, free launching through space—all these create for you the undying savagery of the tiger's soul. Nothing that I saw of captive tigers made me underestimate the beast we were to meet.

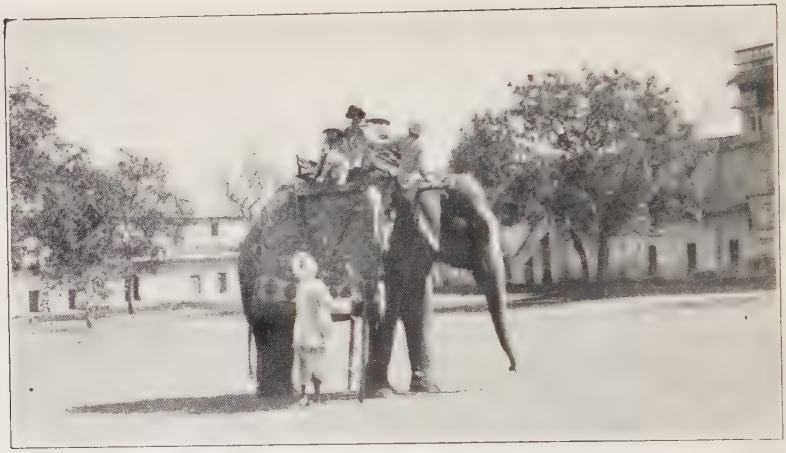
India we saw briefly as a succession of pictures. Teeming bazaars, clamorous with acquisitiveness, veiled women with clinking anklets, wandering sacred cows, filthy fakirs with matted locks and whitened faces, golden temples, palaces of breath-taking beauty, mud villages of heart-breaking squalor, mosques and arches, starving dogs, gaunt ribs of hunger, jewels of glittering splendor, rainbow silks, rivers of sewage.

Of Bombay, Bombay of the Hanging Gardens, I remember chiefly the Towers of Silence, with their circling birds of prey, those five ancient towers set in a secluded garden where for three hundred years the Parsee dead have been offered to the sun and the air and the birds of the air. Two hours it takes for the vultures to pick the bones of the tallest man—a child

THE TAJ MAHAL



THE FORT OF THE ABANDONED CITY OF AMBER



ELEPHANT TRANSPORT TO AMBER

THE TEMPLE BULLS GO EVERYWHERE

is stripped quicker. Then—after days of sun—the bleached bones are washed down into a pit.

A grim end for those soft-skinned people of excessive luxury, whose Aladdinlike houses, white and glittering, effervescing with ornament, spring out from the green gardens of Bombay's richest quarter.

At Agra we timed our visit to meet the moon upon the Taj Mahal, and at full view the building was as exquisite, as radiant, as any expectation. But there is a lovelier view than the planned approach. . . . Late at night we wandered into the mosque that is directly at the left of the platform, and there, within its pointed doorway, we looked out and saw the Taj before us.

The doorway shut out the pinnacles and soaring towers and we saw only the Taj itself—not the glittering perfection of moon-flooded white marble that had been delighting us, but a building so delicate, so ethereal, so almost impalpable in the silver mist of the moon, that it seemed the very soul of the Taj. We saw it then as a tender, perfect casket for the beloved body of the beloved woman who lay within. A serene and lovely casket, not soaring or floating, but gently guarding and brooding over its charge. . . . An apparition of unbelievable beauty in the moon-soft night.

We sat in silence in that mosque, three of us, and a fourth, a Moslem who came from his prayers in the

inner sanctuary to join us in this other reverence, and sat wordlessly till early morning in the communion of spirit that the spell of a beauty more than mortal lays upon the soul.

We came away at last without a backward look. The vision was too precious to blur with other images.

There was no trouble at all in leaving, though it was an unearthly hour of the morning. Sleepy soldiers, roused by our knocking at the barred gate of the outer arch, listened unemotionally to the obvious truth that we had stayed all night, rattled open the heavy door and let us out. Great Britain's guardianship seemed to us everything that was fitting, both then and in the daytime. No officious oversight, no bullying policemen, no locking away of the lovely beauty from any one who came.

Amber. A city left on its high hill when the imperious ruler decreed a new city must be built for him on the plains. What power there was then in one man, when an entire city, in one day, moved in tumultuous procession down those heights, abandoning the familiar walls, the courtyards, the wells, the temples, the shops, the worn ways and all the old associations, to begin another life in new surroundings!

We went up to Amber on elephants from the Rajah's stables at Jaipur. After my encounters with African elephants I could not look at his Indian cousin, staked meekly in a courtyard, without a watch-

ful pricking at the back of my neck, and an instinctive bracing for the instant when the ears would swing out, the long trunk go up and the great bulk launch itself terrifyingly forward. A nonsensical hold-over from the jungles that made me at first absurdly attentive to any moves. But these beasts were very different from my jungle acquaintances; these were the small-eared, small-tusked ones of India, seemingly mild and docile past belief.

Riding on an elephant is a royal method of transportation, and as we wound up to Amber I had a lot of dramatic thoughts about the old rajahs who had gone in state along this road. . . . Then I had a lot of personal thoughts about myself and the elephant. I am an enduring sailor. I am an enduring motorist. I have gallumphed gayly on a camel. I have survived excursions in an airplane.

But the combination of that broiling sun and that queasy, rolling gait! I was not half pleased when we finally lurched through the gateway of the deserted city and the tall beast folded itself jerkily down, front legs straight out, hind legs straight back, and I was on my own feet again.

There is a strange, tragic feeling to the emptiness of Amber. Something of the old poignancy is in the air that must have been there when the crowded confusion of its people passed through its streets for the last time.

No natural decay, no quiet change of time left this city desolate. She was abandoned in the fullness of her life, and one feels something proud and puzzled in her still beauty as she looks silently down on the city in the plains, as one of the old queens in her palaces might have watched a supplanting favorite.

They make for sentiment, those crumbling streets and empty temples and cold hearths. A few lonely folk and a swarm of chattering monkeys are all that dwell there now.

There was a holy man lying out on the temple platform staring up at the blazing sun that it might burn out his eye. One eye was already gone. . . . He was typical of Indian fanaticism, that holy man, and others we encountered, sitting gingerly on spikes or thumping their hands on the city pavements to beat away the fingers. Our African savages, west of Lake Edward, had no such association of deprivation with holiness. Their medicine men needed all their faculties and members! Stout-hearted, sensible folk —we warmed to them in retrospect as we had in reality.

And the villages of India! Sun-baked hovels of indescribable filth, haunted by shriveled ghosts of veiled women and skinny, begging children, lugging other children. How our thoughts went back to the sun-flooded villages of the interior of old Africa, with their well-swept clearings and well-made huts, and

their cheery, easy-going, happy-go-lucky inhabitants.

Of course, Africa is a fertile land, giving food in plenty for a slight exchange of effort, but the African's luck is not all in his soil—he is blessed that his ancestors have thought up nothing worse for him than a few uncomfortable taboos and a little witchcraft. No caste, no "untouchables," no reincarnations, no paying in this life for the sins of an unremembered past. No purdah for the women. There was always an air of genial family life to the African village and whatever the African woman suffered, she did not suffer in silence. I have heard her conversing to the departing back of her man across the brush lands!

Those poverty-stricken little villages of India with their crumbling mud walls were sad commentaries on the old, jewel-studded palaces—the common people were the sucked oranges of the old despots, drained of every resource till they were nothing but dry and empty skin. And the poor, veiled women of India plucked at the heartstrings. As for the little widows, their bangles broken on their skinny wrists, searching the streets for scourings—!

There was a little girl of about twelve that we used to see with a huge street-cleaning brush, trying to get alms near the hotel. Her parents, we were told, were well-to-do Hindus, but they had thrust her out as accursed when her young husband died. I could only

hope that the semi-starvation of the streets was a bit jollier than the slavery to the mother-in-law she would have known.

But if poverty was in the air, so, too, was democracy. I never saw a people who so truly possessed their city. A man might own nothing but the rags that scarcely covered him, but he laid those rags down with assurance in any doorway or bit of pavement that he fancied and was at home for the night. To the American taxpayer, browbeaten by the police for halting his motor in the park, chased from the beaches on warm evenings, hustled for loitering and arrested for publicly kissing his wife, there was something utterly enviable about the way these beggars enjoyed the freedom of their city—they and the sacred cows.

The temple cows are free to go everywhere and they do so, under the colonnades of the best hotels, into the doorways of the smartest shops. There are apparently millions of them, consuming what they will, and this in a country so impoverished that only half a rupee stands between most of its inhabitants and starvation.

I met the sacred cow first in Bombay, rubbing her horns thoughtfully on a pillar of the Taj Mahal Hotel. She seemed to like a strip of red carpet that was stretched there, for some fête, and the guests considerately left it to her. In Calcutta, at nightfall,

we were dissuaded from lingering at a jeweler's where we were conducting operations for the ultimate purchase of a necklace by the methodic habits of an old bull, who always came promptly at dusk to go to bed before the front door, rumbling and snorting out threatenings against any disturber of his peace. The jeweler was a Mohammedan who did not share the Hindu feeling about the sacredness of temple bulls, and he did not appreciate the animal's patronage, but he was helpless.

Once I did see a Mohammedan merchant, whose shop was frequented by an inquisitive young cow, give a sharp look to the street and then a swift prod to the animal's ribs, but he was very furtive and guarded about the business.

The sacred cow goes everywhere and does, apparently, what she listeth. In the markets she helps herself generously to what she desires, and the vendors of green stuffs have learned to hold a mouthful of food before her, tempting her away, to save the rest of their stock. It is considered an act of merit to feed a sacred cow and I often saw men trying to gain a little good luck for the day by buying a mouthful for a beast, when they were on their way to some transaction.

One man was unfortunate in his choice of an animal. He bought a bunch of green stuff and offered it to a large, rotund cow who breathed unexcitedly over

it and turned away. It would have been terribly bad luck to have the cow refuse the offering, and the man was determined not to waste his anna and his omen.

Vigorously he crammed the stuff into the cow's astonished mouth, thrust in the last, outstanding stalks and startled the creature into a convulsive swallow. Then while she was turning large, surprised eyes upon him, wondering what had occurred within her, he wiped his fingers delicately upon his silk coat and with a satisfied air strode off, assured and buoyant now, to his affair.

It was the month of marriages in Jaipur, and the wide Jauk was gay with wedding processions. Little bridegrooms of twelve or nine or six years paraded in rich robes of gold and scarlet on their showily caparisoned horses, while dancing girls whirled in the dust before them and a train of horses and oxcarts, as long as the wealth of the families could provide, followed after.

Such little boys they were, trying so hard to be adult masks of boredom—but so proudly alive to the pageantry of it all and so terribly anxious to acquit themselves well! I saw one little chap look his scared uncertainty when the dancing girls paused in their performance to glance expectantly back at him, and a big serving man, on foot beside him, thrust a purse into the child's hands with whispered instructions; then, as the boy still hesitated, the man opened the

purse, counted out the right number of coins and slipped them into the small fingers. Then the boy, reassurance again on the olive oval of his face, flung the coins in the dust, staring haughtily ahead, but as the girls seized on them and struck up a chant in his praise, rattling their tambourines, he could not resist a quick, sly, confidential smile of pride down at his old companion, who was methodically jotting down the expenditure in a small notebook.

The little bride, usually two or three years younger than her husband, came near the end of the procession, in one of the veiled carriages or carts, and often we caught her peering childishly through the curtains at the following throng.

They were picturesque, these processions, but they were very disturbing to your sympathies when you reflected what they really meant.

"Oh, they will not live together at once," said our Hindu informants easily. "The boy will go back to school—perhaps for three years."

Perhaps. Three years' respite for the little girl, under the dominion of the mother-in-law! No wonder we saw no childish faces in India; the very babies had a shrewd, pinched, uncannily adult look.

It was an uneasy place in which to travel with a little girl of nine. Alice was a woman to these folk and we were told, by English residents, not to let her go alone from her room to the dining-room, even in

the big hotels. The Indian servants of the place are not always reliable, and there are the bearers of white travelers loitering about and servants delivering packages.

There had been no race problem in the heart of Africa, where Alice's native boy had been a dependable guardian, but here we could not let her go out alone with her Indian bearer. There are faithful and trusty Indian servants, of course, but a hasty traveler has no way of discriminating, and our warnings were earnest.

There are seven Delhis, the modern one not two hundred years old, and an eighth is being built. Of modern Delhi one remembers chiefly the thronged gates scarred from the guns of the Mutiny, where caravans and motors jostle, and the jeweled Halls of Audience.

It was from the Hall of Public Audience that the famous Peacock Throne, encrusted with rubies and emeralds, pearls and diamonds, was carried off by the Persian invaders, a hundred and ninety years ago—a loot of six million pounds. Rumors persist that the throne still lies hidden in the Shah's treasure house, but Lord Curzon declared that only a portion of it remained, walled into an old Persian throne.

The Hall of Private Audience, inlaid with blue lapis and green serpentine, and red and purple

PILGRIMS BATHING IN THE GANGES AT BENARES

BURNING GHAT AT BENARES

HOLY MAN BURNING OUT HIS EYES IN THE SUN

THE KUTB MINAR,
THE WORLD'S MOST PERFECT TOWER

porphyry, is like a pavilion out of the *Arabian Nights*. On its walls is the famous inscription, twice written: "If there be a heaven on earth, it is here, it is here, it is here."

Of the old Delhis scattered on the plain one remembers the view from the Kutb Minar, called by some the world's most perfect tower, and the peaceful loveliness of the grass-grown tombs of poets and princes. I recall delicacies of white marble and of rose-red sandstone in a soft confusion of identities, but I remember, with painful distinctness, the incredible thinness of a black and white dog that fawned fearfully upon us, as we sat lunching in a field in the oldest Delhi.

India is a lean land but never have I seen anything so incredibly lean as that dog—it seemed to have only two dimensions, height and length. At a movement it leaped away with a swiftness born of a lifetime of Mohammedan kicks. Its dark eyes were caverns of mistrust.

When we tossed it a sandwich it fled, but when it discovered that the object was not a stone but food, its look was dazed with unbelief. We gave it sandwich after sandwich. None of us felt hungry in the face of that voracious need. The dog ate with frantic gulps, and it bulged, visibly, before our eyes. It ate for yesterday and to-day and the wan procession of to-morrows. It ate all that we had brought for four

strong adults—all but the merest trifle apiece which we reserved—and it crept closer and closer until it let me put my hand upon its head, though it trembled under the touch and its upturned eyes searched mine constantly for reassurance. Then it went away. It waddled away.

We wandered beneath some arches, trying to concentrate dutifully upon dates and details but in reality simply savoring the dark, cool age that we felt there, like the shadow of the past—then we came out into the sunshine again.

We could not believe our eyes. There stood our dog, our original framework, lean again to emaciation, gaunt and timorously beseeching. We stared. Had our sandwiches been a futile sacrifice?

The next instant the grass stirred and there were two dogs, identical twins of black and white. Only the dog that stood in abashed uncertainty was lean and hollow, and the one that came forward, with a little stirring of a tail long unacquainted with wags, was rotund with our lunch.

Our dog had gone and brought its brother to us. And there it stood, imploring us with its mournful eyes to go on working miracles.

If only we could! We had nothing but chocolate to toss the starveling. I shall never forget my dreadful feeling of disappointing them. I felt the way I do when Alice asks me to tell her about Heaven.

Benares. Benares during the eclipse of the moon, with thirty thousand moon-mad pilgrims, frenzied with fanaticism, bathing, drinking, living in the Ganges, then bearing the holy water on a round of temples, to fling its drops upon the idols with their adoration.

The water front at sunrise . . . a water front crowded with temples and palaces, some of them tilted crazily by an earthquake, terraced by broad steps swarming with pilgrims. From the little boat on the river, where we were, the scene was a kaleidoscope of shifting colors moving through the golden wash of the sun; the browns of lean bodies and the whites of fluttering robes and turbans predominating among gleams of pink, turquoise, scarlet, purple, emerald and yellow ochre, all these tones and tints passing and repassing against the warm rose-red of the sun-flushed rock steps. The only stationary color was the orange circles of the huge umbrellas of the holy men sitting among their disciples.

As sheer color it was amazing. But it was so much more than color. It was old India, religious India, absolutely mad with religion; deaf, dumb and blind to any outer influence. I have seen a devil dance in the Ituri forest; I have seen a pilgrimage on the way to Mecca, I have seen a Methodist camp meeting in the south, but I have never seen a people in my life who seemed to me so utterly obsessed by an idea, so ut-

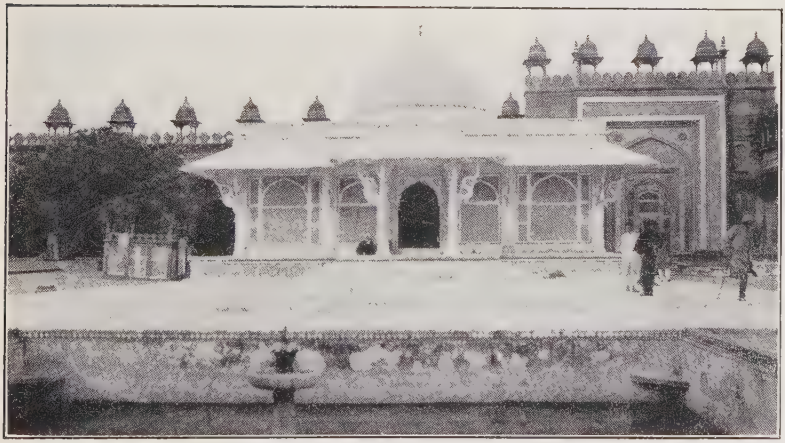
terly intact from any conflicting penetrations. . . . Thousands upon thousands of pilgrims, surging down the steps, wading into the waters, washing their bodies, washing their long hair, washing their clothes in the sacred water, then drinking deep of it. Mother Ganges!

We made the mistake of looking over the boat side into Mother Ganges, and it was a nearly insupportable look. The river was scummed with filth, with the scourings of thirty thousand bodies and the seepage of the river drainage walls, and littered with debris from the burning ghats at the edge of the river.

We paused opposite the ghats to watch the little flickering funeral pyres. One was burning brightly, the casual-seeming relatives sitting about, waiting the end; on another the attendants were flinging river water to save and resell the remaining sticks of wood. We watched them extinguish the fire, then sift the ashes of the dead for ornaments, before flinging the bones to the river. At another a son was lighting the fire beneath the white-wound corpse of his mother, dead that morning.

It is clean burial and quick and cheap. It costs nothing but the wood, and a man who cannot pay for a bundle of that can go and gather it piecemeal. Our poor, whose insurance money goes into flowers and caskets, could learn much from this stark simplicity.

A HOLY MAN SITTING GINGERLY ON SPIKES



TOMB OF SAINT AT FATEPUR SIKRI

HINDU HOLY MAN BEGGING ALMS

THE POOR ARE AT HOME EVERYWHERE

When the pilgrims began leaving the river, starting on the round of the temples, we went ashore and followed, careful to draw aside our garments to save the holy from our inadvertent touch that would tarnish their holiness.

In the wake of a sacred cow I slipped into one forbidden temple, clamorous with the gong struck each time a devotee demanded the attention of the god. The air was heavy with incense and other things; sacred cows wandered at will upon a floor slimy with holy water and the marigolds of offerings. Pilgrims chanted, prayed, rang bells. To my uninitiated senses it was pandemonium. Men swarmed and vied in prayer as they swarmed and vied in trade in the bazaars.

I know why holy men seek lonely places, why they go off into the hills or deserts and meditate for twenty years. Surely, I think, they become holy men instinctively to seek the lonely places, in involuntary reaction against the congestion of their lives. For millions and millions and millions of India there is no such thing as privacy. Life is lived always within earshot—almost never out of sight. Families swarm; crowds jostle. Always the din and the confusion. Silence, solitude, seclusion—these gifts of the gods are unknown.

To achieve them a man must leave work and friends and wife and children and take up the busi-

ness of holiness. Souls cannot live in the market places and souls, some of them, demand to live.

Two memories marked that day at the temples. The great stone cow image of the god Siva, drenched with Ganges water, wreathed with marigolds, receiving the homage of the crowd, was a vivid picture, but more acid-bitten yet on me is the etching of a scene in the narrow lane outside that cow temple.

At a turn is an upright, flat-faced bowlder, with a god carved in relief. The thing had none of the aspect of the familiar gods that travelers grow to recognize; it was a hideous, demoniac creature with a fearsome face and brandished arms.

Before it a young mother in scarlet silk was bowing, and initiating her baby son, a chubby four-year-old, to the worship. He was a cunning little fellow, dressed in every richness of stiff satin and gold embroidery. Anxiously she put his tiny hands together in supplication, reverently she inclined his little round head, in its black silk cap, to the fearful thing. It was idolatry in its most cringing, timid subserviency.

Poor little mother, so proud in her possession of that precious son, so terrified for his safe-keeping! A son is an Indian woman's only salvation in life.

I shall not soon forget the long prayers of two little black-robed ghosts before the marble tomb of the saint, Salim Christi, at Fatepur Sikri. They crouched on the veranda, as near the shrine within as

women are permitted, their black-shrouded heads low in supplication of that good saint who had so victoriously solved the difficulties of the Emperor Akbar and his childless wife, Mariam.

When the emperor sought the counsel of the saint, "Let your wife come to Fatepur Sikri and take up her abode there in my household, away from the court," said the wise man. "In two years, if prayers prevail—"

He was not a rash saint. He gave the gods two years. But the little Jahangir, the next emperor, was born within the year. In joyful thanksgiving, Akbar kept the saint in honor all his life and at his death erected the lovely shrine of pure white mrable.

The little black-shrouded supplicants, uttering their beseeching prayers for sons, were kneeling beneath a white marble portico so exquisitely carved that it is unrivaled, even in India.

I am afraid that one of our party was cynical. He murmured "The emperor's wife chose a living saint."

CHAPTER II

PEAKS AND PAGODAS

IN Africa we had seen the snow-clad heights of the Ruwenzori and glimpsed the far glaciers of Kenya and Kilima Njaro, so we felt we could not leave India without a view of the Himalayas.

Up to Darjeeling we journeyed, twenty hours by train from Calcutta. A gorgeous climb, up from the dry, arid plains of dusty trees and crumbling mud villages, where bullocks plod endlessly in the eternal round of water-drawing, up into the rich green of timber trees where the tracks edge waterfalls and cliffs in amazing loops and spirals.

Up and up. Mile after mile of terraced tea plantations. Up and up with widening outlooks below, and at last, above, a sudden vision of a white jagged row of mountains, like a cutting of white paper peaks stuck against the blue drop of the sky—the Snows.

At Ghoom, the highest station on the line, which is four miles from Darjeeling, we were at an elevation of seventy-four hundred feet. We seemed so high that it was difficult to realize that we had camped much higher than this in the mountains west of Lake Edward, that we had been nearly twice as high on

the gorilla hunts. But then there had been a tropic sun for warmth in the daytime.

No tropic sun, at Darjeeling, warmed the chill caravansary of the Mount Everest Hotel. Fortunately, at this out-of-time season, in February, the guests were so few that the management did not open the large dining-room with its forty-four thousand feet of unwarmed area, but fed us in a small and cozy dining chamber where there was an open fire.

Darjeeling is like nothing so much as a succession of theater sets. The town is built in such narrow terraces, on that steep mountain side, that each street is a level above another, and the great square that fills the only flat space is like a scene in a play, crowded as it is with its gayly dressed market folk, and edged with its shops behind which the thin white outlines of the Kinchinjunga range stick up like stiff, cardboard scenery above the gauze of clouds.

There is no individual enterprise to seeing the sun rise on Mt. Everest. The management has it well organized. A call in your hotel rooms at two o'clock brings you out into the cold, moonlit night to a *dandy,* a chair in which you are carried by six singing Tibetans in padded clothes. They take you backward, up one hill, then, reversing, up another steep ascent, then down a long, even grade through a sleeping street where lights gleam here and there through cracks.

At least it *was* a sleeping street, but the singing porters must have shattered its repose. . . . Then on, on gray, winding ways where strung-out electric lights tried to impose themselves on the moonlight, up into the mountains. The moon sank, the stars waned, the air darkened, then slowly lightened with the gray of before-dawn. We reached the peak of Tiger Hill.

A lookout house has been built there and a fire was kindled in the room downstairs to which the sturdy porters promptly rushed, having gained an advantage by leaving us wrapped in our cocoons of blankets in the chairs outside. We had the choice of shoving in amongst them or perishing of the chill. We shoved.

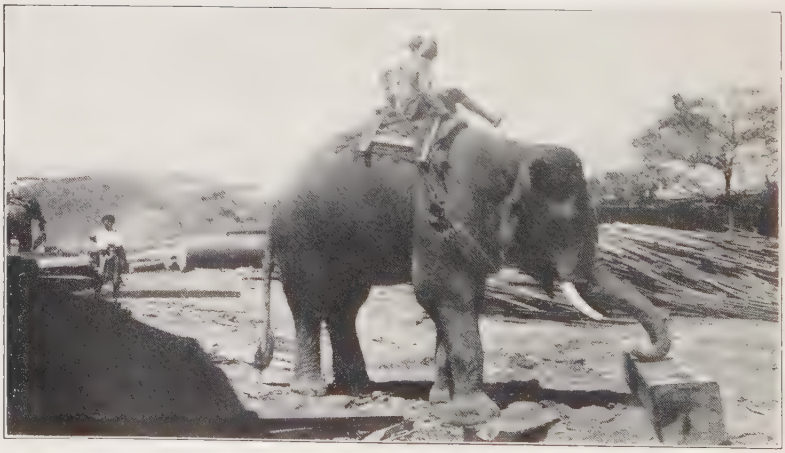
Here we were to wait for the dawn in the uncertain hope that the shrouding clouds would blow away and vouchsafe a glimpse of the high peaks. Sometimes they did, sometimes they did not. For three days now Mt. Everest had not been seen. We heard of a traveler, who, earlier in the month, had come every dawn for three weeks without reward; then he had overslept and, on that day, the miracle had happened.

The management was supposed to provide a breakfast of sandwiches and coffee but owing to a regrettable oversight the sandwiches did not materialize and the coffee was an odd, sour fluid full of fortunately unrecognizable dregs. A lemon seemed to have died in it long ago, but that was only surmise. Hungry as

DARJEELING AND KINCHINJUNGA RANGE

THOUSANDS OF TEMPLES EDGE THE SCHWE DAGON PAGODA

THE MARKET SQUARE AT DARJEELING IS LIKE A STAGE



ELEPHANTS PILING TEAK ARE A SAD SIGHT

we were we could not swallow it, but it was welcome as home brew to the porters, and we suspected the back-door management of having substituted for our coffee some quaint native concoction.

We found the cold more supportable than the porters and went without to await the dawn. The world was growing lighter as veiling after veiling was lifted. The air was thin and unbelievably sharp. The sky turned to delicate green, streaked with pale, opalescent clouds—the clouds that were the menace.

Suddenly, out of a rift there shot into that green sky one white peak after another, materializing like apparitions, snowy soft.

We studied the chart of the mountains on the dial that indicated their location and we passionately identified each soaring peak in turn as Mt. Everest. There were two of them that were about twenty thousand feet higher than any one has a right to expect mountains to be, incredibly tall and white and glittering—I should have been satisfied with either of them as Everest. But reluctantly I was forced to identify them with the Kinchinjunga.

Hope was ebbing. I strained my eyes, I scoured the heights with my glasses, I began to make base compromises with myself as to what I saw. And then, at the left, lower in appearance, through its distance, than the Kinchinjunga, though higher in fact by eight hundred and fifty feet, shone out the

pure white cone of Everest. The highest mountain in the world—twenty-nine thousand feet. Nineteen thousand feet higher than Nyamlagira, our African volcano, higher than both Kenya and Nyamlagira together, almost twice as high as the Pic Marguerite, the loftiest of the Ruwenzori. A vision of remote and dazzling snows.

From Calcutta we sailed for Penang. We stopped at Rangoon, lured there by the glamour of the gold-pinnacled pagoda of Schwe Dagon, parting the clouds of east and west, and to see the "elephants a-piling teak."

Rangoon was bright with color; the Burmese were a plump and jolly lot, apparently pleased with existence. The streets shimmered with silk. There was nothing somber about even the priests who strolled about in yellow robes under brown umbrellas —the left shoulder bare if in the first stage of priesthood, the right if in the second. They had no duties except to teach and study and be shining examples of the ascetic life—and some of the sects were less enthusiastic about the ascetic life—and no obligations except to abstain from food after noon, and always from flesh and strong drink, to avoid the company of women and to touch no money. The Koyin, a youthful follower, used to carry the money for the Pongyi, handing it to him wrapped in paper.

The Burmese girls were the prettiest things we had seen for a long time, soft, brown creatures with vivid silk drawn tight over slender hips, black hair sleek as a raven's wing, a white magnolia in place over the ear. (It was a shock to discover glossy hairpieces in the shop windows, with magnolias neatly ready in place!)

The whacking white cheroot was there, too, in the picture. The little girls used to stroll, smoking, into the temples, balance the cheroot carefully on the altar rails while they knelt down to make a prayer to Buddha, bare feet drawn modestly within the *tamehn,* then, the prayer concluded and the flower offering given, they would rise and recapture the cheroot and saunter nonchalantly out.

The Schwe Dagon pagoda claimed our time and our endurance. No one may enter there except in his bare feet, so we went barefooted and barelegged into the presence of the countless Buddhas.

And we danced like pop corn on the blazing hot marble of the pagoda courtyard. We hopped and leaped from one gold, gleaming temple to another, grimacing with the pain of our scorching soles. We looked on bland Buddhas through tears of agony. Our sufferings diverted all the onlooking Burmese, who doubtless gathered here daily for like spectacles, and gave heartless amusement to young Alice, who had acquired hardihood by going barefoot on the steamers.

She danced about us, feeling, she insisted, no more than a pleasant warmth underfoot, and never was a child so insatiable in sight-seeing, so eager to see the pretty shrines, so zealous in hunting down the two-hundred-thousandth Buddha!

The elephant a-piling teak is a sad sight, a machine of a beast, suffering incessant jabs. I should never care to shoot an elephant again except of necessity, but a quick jungle death would have been a boon to these captive toilers. I don't know why it is sadder to see an elephant work than an ox or a horse but I disliked it more—perhaps because I was fresh from the picture of great elephants at large in their jungles.

In Burma we heard many stories of wild tigers met on foot, and almost we were tempted up the Irrawady, but the Dutch Government was expecting us in Sumatra at a given time and that time was fairly at hand.

So on we went to Penang, south on the Malay Peninsula that dangles so casually out of Asia. Penang is one of the Pearls of the Orient, the acclaimed Eden of the East, its palm-fringed slopes and rock-strewn sands, its headlands, crests and hill slopes softened by eternal greenery.

The harbor is almost landlocked and the channel between Kedah and Province Wellesley is so narrow

that the waters that lap the shores and mirror Kedah Peak and Penang Hill seem a lake.

Penang gets its name from the Ptok Pinang, the areca or betel nut which grows in large clusters on the top of a small, slender palm. Shaved with fresh palm leaves, mixed with lime and cloves, the nut makes an aromatic chewing mixture which reddens the natives' mouths—and ultimately the surrounding scenery.

We had made acquaintance with those bloody-looking mouths in India and we were never now for months to be out of sight of them and their juicy contributions. The betel nut is Penang's device to the Straits Settlements coat of arms and I'd like to alter the device to a nut, rampant, *rouge,* above a cuspidor, couchant. . . . Only there never were any.

Penang is truly an Eden in which to linger but we had no time for lingering. We were through with onlooking, and began to be gripped by the tension of a definite purpose and the uncertainty of its success. The tiger hunt was drawing near. We took a Dutch boat across the straits to Sumatra.

CHAPTER III

THE TIGER BEAT

SUMATRA lies across the Straits of Malacca from Penang, an overnight trip. We crossed in the *Von Wogendorp,* comfortable and so Holland-clean. All Dutch boats have a way of shining out at you, like the freshly washed faces of good children going to Sunday School.

There were twelve passengers of us, a capacity load; the six others were mainly members of the family of an English rubber man from Penang going for a holiday. We all dined with the captain on deck, in the breeze-freshened warmth of the tropic evening, while a spendthrift sky cast silver stars riotously upon the waves.

And we dined upon steak, the first steak since long-ago New York. There had been steaks in Africa—antelope, buffalo, elephant—but this was the first steak of commerce.

Dawn found us on deck, not yet but again, gazing at the low, palm-fringed coast. There are things about Sumatra one learns beforehand from books: that it is directly upon the equator, that its area is 167,480 square miles, almost as large as Borneo, four

times larger than Java, its batik neighbor across the Sunda Strait, and thirteen times larger than the Netherlands which possess it, but to know these things is like knowing a human being's bulk and displacement by way of description. But travel together awhile!

At eight we were at the port, Belawan Deli, and then, since the Dutch Government had courteously decreed that there were to be no customs difficulties for us, though it is considered difficult to bring arms into Sumatra, we had nothing to do but wait in a little station, neat as a pink, and imbibe cooling drinks till our goods were transferred to the train, which brought us, after a leisurely hour of progress, through flat, green country, to Medan, the capital.

I have never seen a little town give so excellent an imitation of a city. The place was animate with activity. A great deal of it came from the little sados, or two-wheeled carts that were rattling about, tilting their passengers this way and that, drawn by shaggy-maned ponies, their forelocks thick over bright, rebellious eyes.

The Hotel de Boer was a place of wide terraces with their companionable little tables. There were magazines for sale, three to six months old, some English books, local brass and a stuffed crocodile. Having overlooked the opportunity to acquire a crocodile

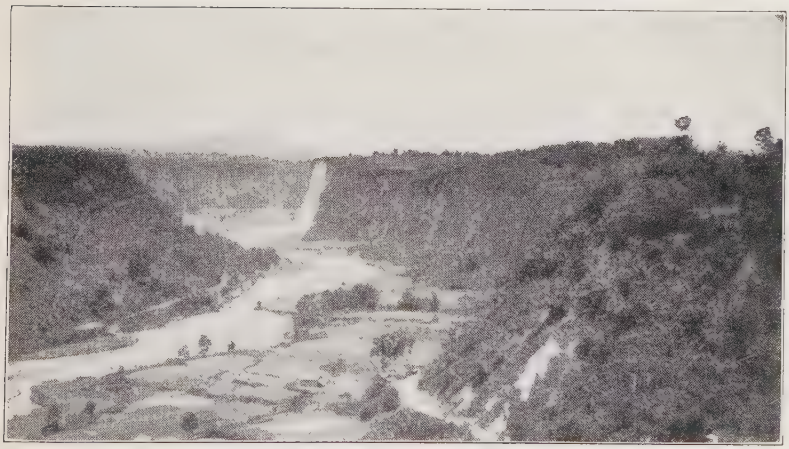
in Africa I was torn reluctantly from this one by the traveler's ever-recurrent necessity of unpacking.

The big bedroom with the usual tropic verandas had an arrangement new to me: the bed, instead of being draped with net, was placed within a screened enclosure all its own, like a little coop. It had a smug, withdrawn look of privacy. I made, too, my first acquaintance with the "Dutch housewife," that huge bolster in the bed over which one is supposed to drape the knees for coolness. There was a big bathroom in our suite, with a shower and with walls that did not completely sever it from the bathroom of the next suite and the confidences of unwary English chatterers.

The meals were excellent and in the evening the terrace of the hotel was a gathering place for people of the town, for Dutch officials and Dutch merchants and their wives and for smartly uniformed officers on leave from ships in Belawan Harbor.

We sat about at little tables sipping iced drinks—a harmless sociability four convictions for which would have sent us to jail for life in Michigan!—and listening to the cheery Dutch gutturals in the air about us, while the violins played "So This Is Venice" with lugubrious surprise, and there drifted silently by a stream of barefooted natives, men, women and children, a few in bright batik prints, but the men, for

THE STREETS OF MEDAN ARE FULL OF ACTIVITY



SUMATRA IS RICH IN SCENERY

"THE PACE OF THE EAST IS THE PACE OF THE OX"

THE PICTURESQUE WATER WHEEL OF SUMATRA

the most part, costumed in white duck trousers topped by a coat or by nothing at all.

Chinese ricksha men, looking for a fare, hung patiently about, their broad faces under peaked hats watching us for a move; vendors of brass and stuffed crocodiles—my desire for one paled with repeated opportunity—approached us politely but not insistently with their wares.

Our plans for Sumatra had been formed on the generous wealth of information given us by our friends, Professor and Mrs. Fay Cooper Cole, who had spent months here while Dr. Cole was making his studies and collection for the Field Museum of Chicago. We were tremendously in their debt, for the information they put at our disposal saved us time and effort and the friends that they had made here, to whom their letters recommended us, were most helpful in every way.

Our first concern, at Medan, was to discover the best place to go for tigers. Mr. Brand Buis, the head forester, did his utmost to help us. There were tigers in many places, down on the southwest coast, in the interior, at Fort de Kock, up north in the Achin country.

We almost went north, to a fort in the wilderness among the Achinese, a fierce, warlike folk never wholly subdued by the Dutch. The unfrequented character of the country tempted us strongly, but

the difficulties of getting up a complete camping outfit again—ours had been disbanded in Africa and we had brought with us only our guns and ammunition—and the harsher dictates of time, for there were two weeks of marching involved in the Achinese trip after the motoring was ended, made us adhere to the original plan we had formed at home, with the Coles, of motoring across the island with a long stop on the Padang Highlands, at Fort de Kock, among the matriarchal tribes we wished to see. There were endless stories of tigers there, and the Hagenbeck people trapped most of their tigers in that vicinity, so the die was cast against Achin.

We arranged for two cars, a Hudson and an Essex, with their native drivers, for a thousand guilders for the trip, and left Medan on a blue and gold day of dazzling sun and cloudless sky.

The road was a triumph of engineering; it climbed tirelessly, and tirelessly it clung to steep flanks of mountains, with wide outlooks over the wild, jungle-clad country. Sumatra is a most lovely place and there is a curiously romantic quality to its forested heights that hints reminiscently of Scottish glens and crags.

Our first objective was Brastagi, on the plateau of Karo, forty-three hundred feet high. The place lingers in my memory as one to which I must sometime, for sheer pleasure, return. There was an agree-

able hotel, mainly occupied by English on holiday from Siam or the Malay Peninsula, set out among rose gardens with mountains and wilderness flung all about it. There were seven volcanoes on the horizon. I had felt rich, in Africa, with two volcanoes at once. Seven seemed to me a plutocratic plethora.

Tilidak is a great crater with a cleft through which one can look on clear days into a cloud of smoke ascending whitely against a dramatic sulphur-green cliff.

Sinabong was a perfectly shaped cone with a pink cloud issuing from the crater peak—a delightful volcano for a geography picture or a postal card. But it stirred no urge in our souls, while Tilidak—but for that tiger we should have climbed Tilidak to compare its crater with the wild and violent beauty of Nyamlagira.

For there was a tiger at Brastagi. We heard of him through the head forester here with whom Mr. Brand Buis had put us in touch.

This tiger was in a certain strip of hilly jungle. A tiger has a way of taking over a certain territory for his own, roving up and down it, now here, now there, as the hunting offers, until, at his death, another tiger takes over the place. The jungle this particular tiger was known to inhabit was a strip about five miles long, just about big enough to keep him in small game.

The forester felt that he was the very tiger for us. Inquiry discovered that the natives had glimpsed him not long since. The thing to do, we were told, was to organize a hunt, engage a flock of beaters to get the tiger on the move, then try to waylay him on some of the little grass trails he might be moving on.

It was not much of a chance but it was something of one, and the head forester set himself to engaging beaters and making arrangements. He was to notify us when everything was in readiness. It did not seem to us possible that success could come from any proceeding that involved so little preliminary effort on our part, but we were at liberty to hope.

At any rate, there was a tiger there, a big tiger, the natives said. For years they had seen his footprints in the paths, as they gathered wood on the mountain or went about the work of road-making with which white dominion occupies the dark brother's time, and sometimes they had casually glimpsed him. In Africa I had always had to work long and hard for any big game that I had got, but I felt there was no reason why Fate should not relent and throw me, offhand, just one ravening tiger in the path!

While we waited, Herbert and I vented our impatience in dashing about the country on the little stallions of the Bataks, mad horses that know no law but speed, going full tilt uphill or down. I took curves with angles that swung me out over abysses

where I could look down and see the pretty green spot, two thousand feet below, where the body would land. . . . The rivers under me were silver threads, the village fields were pygmy checker-boards.

Each return from a ride was like a return from a hunt—full of fresh miracle at being alive.

Then the forester announced that the beaters were secured and that the hunt could take place.

Eagerly we got out the familiar khaki, bleached with African sun and the hard soap of many washings, opened the gun cases and unpacked the cartridges. Herbert Bradley, Harry Bigelow and Arthur Scott had each a Jeffery .475, and I had my Springfield, the only gun I have ever fired, with soft-nosed bullets of the kind we had used on lions.

We were very warlike figures as we marched out of the hotel at dawn, and I felt foolishly incongruous to hotels and rose gardens; more so, when the forester met us in gray tweeds, with white spats for leggings and a gray Homburg hat. His costume was more suitable than ours for the motor into which we climbed, that whirled us ten miles away to a point where the forested mountain rose sharply from the road.

About twenty-five ragged beaters rose from their attitudes of waiting and streamed leisurely after us as we left the motor and started up a way like a bridle path into the forest. The path mounted so

steeply, with such interminable zigzags that Herbert and I confided our regret that we were not on horseback—already the comfort of Sumatra had made us slothful.

Densely the jungle closed in about us and we felt at home again in the familiar green dimness, with its delicate intricacy of detail, with shafts of sun, striking arrowlike, on the tree boles, and splashes of it in open glades.

Hardly had we begun the ascent when the voices of the beaters were heard behind us, in premature din, and the forester hurried back, to silence that effort and explain their work all over again. They were to allow us time to reach a certain place he had in mind before they began to work up to us.

Up we went hastily, for an hour or more, lugging our guns, which I hate, for though I am an enduring walker I am a poor carrier. I wished heartily that I had taken one beater off the outcry business and made him the bearer of my Springfield.

At last we came to a sort of saddle where the trails over the mountains crossed, and here we chose our positions, the four of us at wide distances from each other, each guarding a trail. The idea was to lie in wait while the beaters made the forest so disturbing to the tiger that he would move, and move, it was hoped, along one of those paths.

The tiger, it was reported, was an unhurried and

lethargic animal, given to sauntering along paths. These forest ways were his private trails; he had been living here unmolested for several years, living upon the deer, the wild pig and the smaller fry of the jungle. He seemed to have done no harm to the natives and they spoke of him with tolerant intimacy, almost friendliness.

I felt as if I fairly knew the beast and I christened him Peter; indeed I had begun to experience qualms in harboring hostile intentions against a neighborhood pet. . . . But Peter might not be so amiable when met face to face! And there were probably a good many shady things in his past that had never come to light—little, unconsidered deer, for example!

The forester wished us good luck and turned back to meet the beaters with heartenings, and we took up our separate stations behind the bushes and began the business of watchful waiting.

We waited, with a sharp lookout, most uneventfully till the morning was half over, then I began to hear a dismal-sounding din stealing through the forest. It was compounded of a banging of pans and a lugubrious, desultory yelling. . . . I wondered if Peter found it annoying enough to rout him out of a morning nap. . . .

The sounds worked nearer and nearer, and every once in a while some suddenly impassioned yell would indicate a private misfortune on the part of the yeller

—a toe stubbed against a rock or an inadvertent bed of thorns. Nearer and nearer the noise came.

Now was the time, it seemed to me, for something to happen. I watched the trail; I tried to watch the entire surrounding scenery. The sun was nearly vertical and the shadows were underfoot like pools of darkness; the light struck down in bars of brightness and I saw orange and black stripes everywhere. Every rustle of a branch was a possibility; every stirring of the breeze an alarm.

But nothing continued to happen. Only the noise climbed higher and higher, until four of the performers limped into sight, and, discovering the locality and our probable presence, went off into a perfect riot of beating. It was the sort of noise which would make any right-minded tiger stay prudently at home, I thought. In the enthusiasm which their certainty of being observed produced, the beaters plunged whooping down a gully before them which proved full of thorns and as they struggled out of that they did some of the most earnest and individual work of the day. Its spontaneity left nothing unsaid.

Other beaters were now emerging from the forest, but no tiger. So we climbed out from our thickets, told them to wait and rest a while, and we climbed for an hour higher up the mountain and hid ourselves anew while the beaters began again working up to us.

No Peter. He was evidently staying at home and

washing his ears or enjoying whatever indoor sport tigers indulge in.

We made a third essay though it seemed to me that by now the element of surprise was largely lacking in our attack and that if Peter came out at all it would be out of sheer annoyance to stop the racket or from curiosity to see who was causing it. But he was a good-natured and indifferent beast and gave us the freedom of his jungles.

There was no more mountain to climb and the beaters—there were fifty of them collected now—panting feebly on the earth or extracting thorns from their anatomies—indicated by every possible attitude that no beating was left in them.

There seemed no point in continuing the experience. It would take hundreds of men to comb the jungle properly; Peter could have evaded our little squad for a year. . . . We had tried a thousand-to-one chance because it was the only chance that offered, but enough was enough.

As a tiger hunt it was good *opéra bouffe.* I had never felt a more utter fool. We all shook with laughter when we met and related our experiences which were chiefly observations of the luckless beaters.

But after all they had their wages to reward them and we had no tiger.

If we had known then what we knew weeks later I am afraid that Peter could not long have escaped

us, but we were as strange to the ways of tigers as Lord Dunsany's captain to the ways of queens. He was as safe as the Bank of England.

We shouldered our guns and marched down the mountains, with Peter probably watching us with sardonic amusement from behind his bush. Then, undoubtedly, he went to sleep again, to make up for lost time, and get ready for the night when he would emerge, yawning and stretching, twitching his whiskers, to scent his prey in the grateful hush of the night air, and steal out upon his business of dinner-getting.

CHAPTER IV

AMONG THE BATAKS

AT Brastagi and later, near Toba Meer, we were among the Batak people of Sumatra, a strange people, one of the oldest on the island, whose origins are of pre-Malayan obscurity. Anthropologists consider them descendants of early Mongol-Caucasic invaders from Indo-China. They are a short, stocky race, of varying colors of brown, with big, black, long-shaped eyes under bushy brows, altogether different in appearance from the Malay of the present day.

They are people of a certain culture for they have a written language and legends; they weave and sew and dye; they make jewelry of remarkable beauty and krisses of remarkable workmanship; their dancing is a sophisticated art—and they are, or were, cannibals. Cannibals of culture.

Dutch officials will tell you that their cannibalism is finished, just as prohibitionists will tell you that drinking is finished in America, but the Dutch are nearer the truth. Cannibalism is dependent upon demand and supply and in the administered areas the Dutch have for years controlled the supply so rigor-

ously that the generation with the demand must have died out.

It was perhaps their taste for human flesh that caused the immense popularity of the death penalty in their penal code, for it was followed by the consumption of the corpse of the offender. Now, of course, the Dutch have taken the death penalty out of the power of the chiefs.

The old native code meted out death to those who robbed in the night or who attacked treacherously a house or a person, to prisoners of war of district against district, to those who married within the tribe —the Bataks are exogamous—and to those unfaithful to their marriage vows.

Domeny de Rienzi in his *Océanie* would have us believe in this regard that the guilty lady was not executed unless her parents requested it, but that her lover was invariably killed. He draws a vivid picture of the luckless gentleman, tied to a tree, arms extended, waiting his execution. The procedure was for the chief to advance upon him with a knife but, before dealing death, the chief asked, according to old custom, what piece the outraged husband would have for his own. The right ear was always selected, and the chief sliced it off and gave it to the husband who dipped it in a sauce held ready in a platter and downed it on the spot.

I am always puzzled by that selection of the ear.

. . . Was there anything symbolic in it—was it considered the lady had made the first advances and the ear was the erring feature because it had listened to her? Or with it just good to eat? . . . I had never heard ears mentioned with particular relish by our cannibals in Africa though one of them had spoken enthusiastically of fingers and another had praised arms.

But whatever the details were, the Bataks are known to have been addicted "to the grossest forms of cannibalism," as the anthropologists say, eating their own aged with unfilial gusto, and I haven't a doubt but that, if the Dutch should withdraw their supervision the good old customs would come back with a rush.

To-day they are eating dogs. I suppose it is better to feed and slaughter the poor things than to let them starve, as India does, but it was not a happy sight to see them tied up in the butcher's stall at the market. It happens that black dogs bring higher prices than the white ones, for they are thought of finer taste, and I wonder how that color scheme worked out in the old days. Were the chance whites that found their way into the food markets sold for less than the blacks?

But it was curious to associate cannibalism, even in the past tense, with those Batak villages where we went, quiet kampongs in little clearings in the jungle.

To one at Kaban Djahe we went to see a very highly esteemed actor-dancer.

It was a gray day and the whole scene was in low key. The jungle green was very dim; the houses in the clearing were all in browns and blacks. They were fantastically high-peaked, two-story affairs, with roofs of thatch and sides of timber or matting. A little decoration was painted on the houses but the years and rains had quieted the colors.

Under one of the open roofs were dark-faced, dark-blue-garbed women husking rice in an ancient machine of weights and ropes, and their heavy pounding, pounding, was the solid rhythm of thankless labor.

In the clearing the goats and fowls moved with casual wontedness, and big-eyed little boys stared at us from the bamboo ladder of the boys' house where all boys about fourteen live together. The little house had the look of an intoxicated chicken coop on stilts.

The chief, a dignified old Batak in European trousers, shirt and a plush cap, took us into his dwelling, the largest in the village. The tall, dim, peak-shaped roof over our heads was suggestive of cathedral height and gloom; to look up into it was like looking up into a steeple. It seemed a hundred feet above us, but from the outside we computed it at fifty or sixty feet.

There were stairs without and ladders within; the

A BATAK VILLAGE

A BATAK TOMB

A MENANG KABAU VILLAGE ACROSS THE RICE FIELDS

A CARVED AND PAINTED HOUSE OF THE MENANG KABAU

second floor was like a gallery encircling the building, with an open space in the center. You walked about on a sort of gangway of planks into the various rooms under the eaves; they were open on the side to the walk and derived their light from that side. From the gangway you could look over to the hall below and up into the shadowy roof peak.

Each room was intended for a family dwelling, having its own hearth for cooking. Sometimes as many as eight families had lived in this large house, the chief said, but now there were only two. The usual number for a Batak dwelling is four. These households are always related in the male line, for the Bataks are a strongly patriarchal organization, and a woman has no more identity or rights than a dog. When she marries she leaves her tribe, or *marga,* for that of her husband.

The dancing took place in a clearing of the kampong to the music of the drums on the high veranda of the drum house. Two men danced first. The actor of whom we had heard was a stocky Batak with a beard whose stringiness gave him a Chinese aspect; he wore a turban with dangling ends, European coat and shirt and short, baggy trousers under a sarong of Batak cloth; he was barelegged and barefooted. The other was more of a dandy; he had a white duck coat over his full trousers and a headdress of blue cloth.

The men did the Dance of Knives, a dance so stirring that the Dutch Government has forbidden the use of real krisses in it, since too many dancers surrendered to their artistic emotions and achieved casualties!

The beat of the drums was rapid but the tempo of the dance was slow. It was a series of poses, gained with incredibly lightninglike shifts of position, so there was always a still picture before the audience of two men in deadly combat. Posture after posture . . . tense with menace. It was more like the best Japanese dancing than anything I have ever seen.

Done as it was out of doors, in the wonted kampong, with a familiar assemblage of family and friends, goats and chickens for casual audience, it lacked every stimulant of drama but the drums, yet the sheer artistry of that dance achieved its own effect—a chill, sinister, unforgettable thing.

A lively and ribald offering followed, the dance of the Cock and Hens. Our famous dancer was the cock, doing some fleet-footed, extravagant posturing, while two women—the hens—bobbed up and down in slow monotony. They were like images, two little figures robed in deep purple-blue, even their hands blue-colored from the indigo vats. Their immobile heads inclined at the same angle; their hands were held precisely alike, one above the head, the other upraised, delicate, blue-darkened

fingers extended; the small, swathed bodies moved as if the same cord pulled them—little mimes without identity or volition.

They were the symbol of the Batak woman, a chattel acquired by the husband for a bride-price, and referred to by him as his "purchase," his "means for procuring food," his "disher-up of food." There is no doubt in any Batak mind as to woman's place and what she is to do in it!

A woman has no legal rights and no property in the world—even her ornaments belong to the husband who gave them. The jewelry that they showed us with such pride, necklaces of beaten gold with great flawed rubies in them, were the heirlooms of the men, lent, for a time of fête, to the bodies of their women to do them greater honor. Not even the cloth of a woman's weaving is her own.

She has no control over her own body; she is sold first to a husband and if the husband dies she devolves according to the custom of levirate marriage which prevails among the Bataks, upon the husband's younger brother. Failing a younger brother, the widow is handed over to a cousin, an uncle, even a stepson.

But never to an older brother! For an older brother to marry the widow of his younger brother is regarded as incest, and is punished by death—if the Dutch are not at hand to intervene.

The second marriage of the woman can be concluded even before the funeral. There is no ceremony; she merely goes to her new master. A man slave has a great deal more independence than a Batak free woman. No amount of abuse can enable her to escape from her husband; her only right to appeal is when he threatens her actual life—since she is worth something as property the tribe grants her that. Her sufferings, short of death, are not a matter for concern.

This custom of levirate marriage makes polygamy not infrequent; indeed, it would be possible for a man at any time, for the village *adat* does not forbid his taking more than one wife at a time, but he does not seem to avail himself of this opportunity for plurality except when it is wished on him by inheritance.

A wife is expensive, to begin with, costing from fifty to five hundred guilders, and then Batak women do not get along well together. I suppose that quarreling among themselves is their only outbreak of personality. A man with two wives has frequently to build a separate house for each one in order to have a peaceful home with either.

There is a Batak proverb, *Pate gora tano, gora imbang indak pate*, which says that strife between countries has an end but strife between the wives of the same man has no end. It reminds one of the con-

ditions among the Hovas of Madagascar where the very word for polygamy, *famporafesana,* means "the making of an adversary"!

Inheritance is, of course, entirely through the male line; in any event, a son could not well inherit from a mother who had nothing to give. At the death of a father the property remains undivided as long as there are unmarried sons; not until all are married does a general division of the property take place. One odd detail of heirship is that when there are several sons to inherit, it is the oldest and the youngest who receive the largest shares, generally double that which the others receive.

Their religion is an obscure form of demonology, though they recognize three gods, the Creator, the Preserver and the Destroyer, a trinity strongly suggestive of Hindu worship. They have their priests, old druid-like wizards, their sacred trees and groves, their totem poles of symbolic imagery. A few of the ancient books of charms are still to be found—we discovered one of them later at Toba Meer—an old book, written in faded ink on folded bark pages that sprang out between the covers like a small accordion. The writing goes from left to right, from bottom to top, in dim, mysterious characters said to be of Hindu origin.

The Bataks are the only lettered people of the Archipelago who are not Mohammedans. We were

told that they once had a postal system of their own, using the hollow trees at crossroads for post boxes. If only some letter had survived! Penal codes and charm books are all very well to reconstruct the skeleton of a society, but think what vital tissue would be given us if we could only open some old tattered palm leaf of intimate detail.

"My dear chap," a Batak householder might write, "such unexpected good luck—one of those infrequent white fellows from outside that the gods sometimes send us! Luckily I got wind of his approach before the next village did—you know what greedy chaps they are. He was no trouble at all to catch; fact is, the idiot wanted to meet us. Wanted to ask us things about ourselves, he said. That's the second one that's said things like that. He's up under the roof now, getting fattened a bit—frightfully long and lean and blanched looking, those outsiders. Next Thursday we plan to polish him off and we want you to come over and make a night of it. Bring your three sons, I'd like to see your eldest do that sword dance of his again. Admirably artistic—sinister but full of restraint. . . . I've a notion we may include old Dimpat in the menu—he's been a drag on the community for months. I've sounded out his family, they are practical men, they'll put the best interest of the kampong first. . . . However, I can only promise you the stranger. . . . Don't forget there

are tigers in the river road—we lost a young buffalo last week. . . . And keep this under your turban, old chap—we are just asking a few close friends. Till Thursday—"

Strongly patriarchal as is the organization of the Bataks, there are interesting indications of the existence of matriarchy among them in primitive times. The most conclusive is furnished by a law of slavery. Slavery is a hereditary institution with them, dating from the old undated times, and we find that when two slaves marry the child belongs to the owner of the female slave, that when a free woman is married to a slave the child is free, that when a free man marries a slave woman the child is slave—though belonging to the *marga* of the father—a state of affairs in absolute conflict with the strong patriarchal organization of the present-day society and accounted for by the preëexistence of an older order of matriarchal descent.

It did not seem to me to matter very gravely whether a girl child were slave or free, though I suppose there are degrees of sad subservience. Looking at those two dark little mimes, going through their rhythmic genuflections there in the kampong, I could see one dim, shadowy generation of "dishers-up of food" dissolving hopelessly into another generation without identity or self-expression.

CHAPTER V

TIGER TALES

THE motor trip across Sumatra is one of the finest in the world; I have known but two others as dramatically beautiful, the old Corniche and the motor road about the Cape of Good Hope. From Medan on the north coast to Padang on the south is about a thousand miles by this road, and there are hotels and government resthouses where one may stop for meals.

From Brastagi the way runs through innumerable rubber plantations where the level rows of trees ray out from the eyes like spokes in a wheel. Each tree has its circular cut and its waiting cup into which it bleeds patiently.

The first afternoon after Brastagi we reached Toba Meer, a deep blue lake between highlands. Once these waters were held so holy by the natives that any stranger who tried to reach them met a prompt and discouraging fate. As late as 1830 three Frenchmen and two Americans were murdered on their way to it, and in 1850, Ida Pfeiffer was not able to reach it. The first European to glimpse the sacred water was Van der Tunk, the student of lan-

guages, but his glimpse was brief for the natives took after him and he only saved himself by precipitate flight.

Now at Prapat, on the lake, a comfortable hotel was waiting us and we gained it in time to escape a torrential downpour. The sun was out again in twenty minutes, brandishing its rays like rapiers through the clouds, and we were out with it, beginning our wanderings. I remember little figures of fishermen on a bright green point reaching into bright blue water like a Hokusai print . . . and a dramatic silver sunset behind black bars of clouds.

As we were on the equator we had to consult the sun for our bathing times, taking the early morning and late afternoon. But here, even on the equator, the sun was not nearly the menace it was in Africa. Why there is not the same danger here, in the same relation to the vertical rays, nobody seems to know, but certainly there is not—and that is true, too, of South America.

I remember that Wilfrid Osgood, of the Field Museum, felt no particular concern for the sun in South America and I recall photographs of William Beebe's biological station where the young women sauntered about bareheaded at noon, a proceeding that in Africa would have brought a prompt and paralyzing punishment. Carl Akeley had had the beginnings of a theory about the African sun, but

his full life gave him no time to begin work upon it.

In Sumatra the Dutchmen wore helmets, though the townswomen were seen out with hats and parasols or umbrellas. The men in our party wore their helmets, and I kept Alice to hers, but I used to wear a little silk hat about the towns and in the motor with its top up, with never a headache, though when out in the open country, walking and hunting, I wore my double felt hat of Africa.

The Dutch have done some extraordinary work on that road across the island. It is a marvel of ingenuity and engineering. After leaving Toba Meer it did everything that a road can be made to do. It tunneled through rocks, it curved about mountains, it balanced over breath-taking declivities. There were two hours, in that day's journey, just before reaching Sibolga, when that road made literally fourteen hundred hairpin turns—surely the world's record!

Fourteen hundred hairpin turns in two hours—and our native chauffeur's only notion of navigating a curve was to toot frenziedly on his horn, and step alternately on gas and brake in frantic indecision. . . . Only the slow-pacing bullock carts that so frequently blocked the way, saved us by forcing the idiot down into low. We saw one motor wrecked that day, when an oncoming truck had come around a curve too far on the wrong side.

The outlooks grew lovelier and lovelier. The mountains were overflung with tropical forest; the valleys were terraced with rice fields. There were wide expanses of pale, watery reaches where the natives were setting out the millions of rice blades patiently, each blade by hand, or where men were plowing in the water with a buffalo and a crooked stick.

Over fields that were farther advanced there were networks of ropes hung with dangling rags that danced like puppets when the watcher in the tower twitched the ropes to keep the birds from the ripening rice. Often the lonely watcher kept up a booming racket on old gasoline tins—in pre-Standard Oil times they used native drums.

Sometimes the fields were so lake-like that they held still reflections of the village houses perched on island stretches of land, palm-shadowed. The architecture had changed as we left the Batak people for the Menang Kabau Malays of the Highlands, and these were the most picturesque houses that I have ever seen.

The roofs curved upwards at the ends like a crescent moon, a curve inspired by the horns of the carbou, the Sumatran water buffalo. The old roofs were of thatch; the new ones, alas! of corrugated iron, but even the iron ones faithfully preserved the beautiful curves and, at a distance, we forgave them

their modernity, for the sheeting shimmered like precious metal in the sun.

That crescent curve is the art motif of Sumatra. Not only do all the good old houses wear it, but so do the little rice barns that perch upon their tall stilts as if perpetually wading, and even the roofs of the bullock carts.

The story is, that the curve is used in grateful recognition of the Sumatran buffalo who saved the island in the long-ago time when a Hindu Javanese prince was urging his claim to sovereignty against a prince of Sumatra and the question of kingship was left to the buffaloes of the rival princes to fight out for them.

That the fight was won by a trick, the sort of trick so dear to the fairy tales, seems to make no difference at all to Sumatran glory in the affair. The Javanese prince had a full-grown, fiery bull that was considered invincible, but the Sumatrans took thought and chose a nursling that they starved for days, and then bound a sharp horn on his head and sent him into the arena against the bull. The little nursling dashed at the other in a blind young passion for food, and sent the horn through him.

Our hairpin turns had left us rather dizzy and we were glad to pause above Sibolga to enjoy the beauty of the outlook—highland all about, a shimmering handful of roofs below and at our feet the Indian

ocean stretching in a wash of jade-green reef water and deepening sapphire to a dark bar of ultramarine against the sky.

We stayed that night at Sibolga in a hotel of sorts that we did not enjoy. We did enjoy the harbor; no matter when you strolled down to it there was always a little fleet of fishing boats standing stiffly in, silhouetted against the sinking sun or the rising moon, whichever happened. And there were square-sailed junks with lanterns bobbing on them through the dusk.

Next day the road turned sharply away from the ocean, which we were not to see again for many a week, and buried itself between walls of jungle. That night was spent very comfortably at a government resthouse at Kota Nopan, and we wished we had been there six nights earlier.

For then a tiger had killed a buffalo just six miles away. The natives with their spears had gone after it and the tiger had adroitly circled and attacked one of the men, clawing him badly. That had put an end to the hunt for the time, but in a day or two the men got together again and tracked the tiger, which was wounded, till they came to where it was lying up. Then they flung their spears and stabbed it to death.

The story gave us a nice reassured feeling—all but the clawing part. If a tiger had been here only six

days ago we were at liberty to hope for other tigers before very long.

Another day's ride of breathless heights and turns, of deep, dizzy gorges and mountain slopes rich with forest, brought us to Fort de Kock, the capital of the Padang Highlands. Here we went directly to the Park Hotel, so enthusiastically recommended to us by the Fay Cooper Coles.

The hotel consists of a group of white, one-story buildings or pavilions set out in a rose garden, and a more delightful, more comfortable, more exquisitely clean hotel is not to be found in the Indies or anywhere else, I think. Herr Miller, the owner-manager, established us in one of the little blocks of buildings and we sent back our cars to Medan as we planned to make Fort de Kock our headquarters for some weeks, and could obtain cars from the hotel for trips into the surrounding country to the outlying villages where tigers prowled.

At Fort de Kock we presented our letters to the Assistant Resident and the Controleur, and to Mr. Cole's friend, Mr. Edward Jacobson. Mr. Jacobson is the son of a former resident of Java and a naturalist of international reputation who has made an extensive collection of Sumatran mammals and birds; he has spent his life in the Indies and knows it, natives, flora and fauna, as no other man in the islands. It was great good fortune for us to know

him and he was most generous with his time and his information.

Both he and Controleur Rookmaaher were greatly concerned with the ways and means of getting us a chance at a tiger. There were tigers to be had; that much, at least, was established. Of course, not in the immediate vicinity of Fort de Kock and its rose gardens—though five years ago a tiger had been very troublesome in the neighborhood, killing some twenty people in one year. But there were plenty of tigers prowling about the jungles and every now and then one of them did a little killing in the neighborhood, just as that one at Kota Nopan had done.

The question was, how to get at them. That was a game we did not know at all. None of our experience with lions was any use with tigers. No plains here to tramp over, beating out the thickets—no use rising before dawn in the hope of chancing on a tiger returning from the night's hunting. They were as stealthy and elusive as the African leopard, and even more noiseless. They hunted in silence, so there was no hope of discovering their presence by any hunting calls at night.

Mr. Jacobson told us that though he had spent some six years in the jungles, making his collection of mammals, and had seen fresh tiger tracks constantly about paths and camp, he had never actually seen a wild tiger at large. Nor had he ever heard

one roar in the forest, from which he concluded that they seldom used their voices. The only roaring tigers he heard were those caught in traps.

The only thing for us to do was to find out where a tiger was doing any killing, then hurry there at top speed and meet him when he returned for his second meal. Unlike the lion a tiger eats but little the first time, seven to eight pounds, perhaps, and then lies up near his kill, returning to it every twenty-four hours until it is finished. He comes back at night and the idea was for us to hide near the kill and get him as he returned the second night. The Controleur agreed to telephone out word to offer a reward to the natives for any information to us of a tiger.

He told us that just three months before there had been three horses taken by a tiger in the road at Batang Paloepe. The tiger is not a gentlemanly killer like the lion who takes only what he needs; the tiger strikes right and left in his lust for blood. He is as bad in that respect as the cowardly hyena of Africa that will run through a flock of goats hamstringing every one he can reach.

It seems that the Malays were bringing about seventeen horses to the fair at Fort de Kock, and at nightfall they reached Batang Paloepe where there were three little houses on the road. They tied the horses to a post in front and spent the night in the houses. During the night there was a wild uproar

among the horses; they were plunging and rearing and some of them were able to break their ropes and run.

The men looked out just in time to make out a tiger on top of one of the horses; they yelled and made such a racket that the tiger sprang away. But they did not do any venturing out that night, however anxious they were for their beasts; not until the morning sun brought light and safety did they go out; then they found three horses dead in the road, their necks broken.

Three days later a buffalo was killed at another village, and the trackers discovered that the tiger's trail came from the place where the horses had been killed. The tiger was supposed to be lying up near the dead buffalo, so the Controleur hurried out and had a platform hastily built by the buffalo, where he intended to spend the night in wait for the tiger.

Unluckily for his plans he went back to Fort de Kock, meaning to stay but a few moments, but a dinner was being given for some one just promoted to colonelcy so he was obliged to stay for the festivity. His heart, he told us, was with the buffalo. While he was dining at his banquet he was sure that the tiger was dining out at Batang on the buffalo.

But no tiger came. Sometimes they skip a night. The Controleur planned to go out the next night but he was taken ill—the colonelcy dinner must have been

a success!—so he stayed in Fort de Kock and that night the tiger came. The natives on watch reported that he stayed about the buffalo from eight to eleven, and was so near that they could have thrown a stone at him.

The tiger did very well by himself that night; all that he left of the buffalo was a leg, and Mr. Rookmaaher felt that it was hardly worth while to hold any vigil by that! So his hopes of that tiger were ended.

Later a horse was killed not far away, and the tracks came from the place of the dead buffalo.

We absorbed this narrative with eagerness. All we asked was such an opportunity. With no colonelcy dinner to distract us we were sure that we should have camped in the shadow of the dead buffalo night and day till the tiger returned.

Another time, the Controleur recounted, he was up a tree with some friends, guarding two paths, when a tiger appeared on a hilltop, at the level of the platform in the tree. Rookmaaher could not change his gun in time—it was pointed downwards—and the tiger vanished and reappeared beneath the platform. At least, the tip of his tail reappeared; that was all they could see of him in the glow of the light they had arranged. (A mild light, we were told, never deters a tiger from coming in to his prey.) No one dared risk a shot, though the situation was tantalizing. At

last a man had a glimpse of the beast and fired, but the tiger made off.

There seemed to me many uncertainties to this tiger business. Every story deepened this impression.

There was a tale of a man who sat up in a tree with no light beneath, and no moon above; he waited through the darkness till he could endure it no longer then at three o'clock he came down to find that the tiger had been there, noiseless and unseen, and had eaten the entire cow provided for bait, except one lonely hoof and tonsil.

Mr. Rookmaaher told another story of an old man who had saved all his life for a cow. At last he had money enough and with great care bought his cow. That very night a tiger sprang at her. The old man was so frantic that he rushed out with a torch in his hands and flung the blazing thing straight at the tiger who leaped off the cow and crouched on the ground.

Desperate, the old man grasped a spike of bamboo, about four feet long, and rushed at the tiger and poked him. Off the beast bounded, to one side; the frenzied old native poked him again and this time the tiger bounded off for good. But the cow died. There were two deep wounds from the tiger's teeth in her neck.

Next night the Controleur came and dragged the

cow near the house and, with his friends, sat among the chicken coops. The tiger came back for his gorge and the hunter got him. I hope the old man got something out of it.

Tigers have a fixed habit of coming back to their kill, even when it has been changed or hidden, as a gruesome story from Serang Djoja on the East Coast showed. A native went out one night to replenish a smoky fire he had made to guard against a tiger that had been prowling, and his son heard a noise outside as of something falling and thought he had stumbled. Apparently the boy went off to sleep again, then, later, he woke and found his father was still gone.

He went out himself and in the early dawn saw a tiger's track through a grass field. He made an alarm that aroused the neighbors and they followed the track to the body of the dead father. They buried the body before the house and the Controleur of the district, Mr. Van de Esse, told them to put sharp-pointed bamboo sticks on the grave to prevent the tiger's digging up the dead man in the night.

They did so and that night the tiger made a savage attempt to dig up the body, cutting his paws on the sharpened bamboos till they were covered with blood. Then the natives made an Achinese trap of bamboo over the grave while the tiger prowled about for days,

observing it; at last one night he sprung the trap but escaped.

Batang Paloepoe seemed a haunt of tigers, for two years before a beast had come to that very place where the three horses had been killed. Then there were some old women in the three houses, which were frail little affairs, set up on stilts from the ground.

In the night some of the old women heard the tiger prowling about beneath the house they were in and they shut the door firmly, with all manner of barricades. The beast came boldly up the ladder but found he could not budge the door, then he climbed nimbly upon the roof.

It was a feeble roof of flimsy thatch with a hole in it that let the rain through and the tiger discovered the hole and began industriously increasing it. Meanwhile the old women set up a wailing of alarm but they dared not summon spirit to run out in the night, fearing, perhaps, the tiger's mate. Finally the tiger made such an opening that he reached down a long paw into the tiny room and hauled out a luckless old lady and, in the words of Alice's fairy stories, he gobbled her up.

Even this story we liked—with due compassion for the old lady. It showed a spirit on the part of the tiger to meet one more than halfway. Having run ourselves to shadows in Africa over game that declined to be met anywhere save on the vanishing

point of the horizon, we welcomed this somewhat intrusive aspect of the tiger.

Another story confirmed this characteristic. On Seak River, on the East Coast, the tigers actually besieged the people in their houses, and then finally developed stratagems to get them out. In one case the tiger scratched gently at the bamboo walls and when the people inside screamed their neighbors came running to see what was the matter and the tigers caught them.

What luck, we thought wistfully, to have a tiger come scratching at the bamboo, or clawing at the thatch overhead! It was too good ever to come true!

Very sobering to our hopes was the story of the attempts of Mr. O'Brien of the Swedish Film Company to induce a tiger to enter a trap after live bait. The company yearned to make a gory film of a fight between a tiger and a buffalo—an unpleasant and popular sport in the islands until the last generation—so they wanted a tiger very badly.

They put out seventy traps, with live bait in them; they spent two months near Fort de Kock and hundreds of guilders. They netted absolutely nothing.

Once a tiger came one meter into a trap. He had only another meter to go to reach the goat. He paused—that moment must have been fraught with palpitating intensity to the unhappy goat!—then turned around and went out. Thoughtfully he went

about the outside of the stockade, dug a hole, wormed in and snuck out the luckless goat.

Five days before Mr. O'Brien left he had bullocks out in the traps. No tigers came. Not one. So he left Sumatra at last and the very day he left a great tiger walked into a trap and was caught alive.

Such is the luck of it!

Frankly, I hate the stories of trapped tigers, who become objects of sympathy to me the moment they are captured. The natives have a ghastly way of poking them with fiery sticks to distract their attention from the attempt to dig themselves out.

These old fights between tigers and buffaloes occupied in Sumatra and Java the place that the bullfight does in Spain and Mexico. At Bur there is still an arena where the natives used to fight them. The natives never allowed the tiger to win. When he was too much ahead they took a hand on the side of the buffalo and killed the tiger.

But generally the buffalo was an unaided winner. He used to catch the tiger on his horns and pin him against the wall.

Neither of the great beasts wanted to fight each other. To irritate the buffalo the natives had an unlovely way of throwing chopped nettle on the carbou's neck, a nettle so strong that it would burn even a buffalo's hide. Another pleasant device of theirs—how human nature shines!—was to squirt

pepper in the beast's eyes. I don't know what they did to the tiger who generally showed no fight at all, but only a furious desire to claw his way out of the arena and escape.

In Java they used to have a way of letting a captive tiger loose before a square of spears. The holy man would go to the cage and open it; usually the beast cowered back in it and had to be driven out by burning straw. Then, in his dash for liberty, he was faced by the spears. Mr. Jacobson's mother's father was a resident of Solo in the old days and she remembered several cases where the tiger actually escaped.

Once a panther got through the line of spears and climbed up a tree which a Chinaman had already ascended to witness the spectacle. He nearly pulled the Chinaman's skin from his body.

The cages of the captive beasts were always brought to the residency gardens and once a tiger got out, just as Mr. Jacobson's mother was coming from her bath. She saw the eyes glaring at her and called for help, and the beast was speared.

After the Europeans came, horses were introduced into the arena. It was a carnage. The horses always stood still.

I am glad those days are over. Not even to write the best story in the world would I face such a spectacle. I was eager enough to face a tiger to shoot him—a clean shot is the kindest death in the world,

and a beast that lives by violence must die by violence—and I was willing to risk myself to have a chance to do it, but I have a perfectly sick horror of the cruelty that will sit by and see creatures suffer. I'd see gladiators fight, because they choose to do it, but not tormented animals.

But—coming back to the hunting—the more we heard the more uncertain our prospects seemed. There were tigers enough, for in this Residency of the West Coast they killed a dozen people each year —only eight years ago fifty-one had been killed in one locality—and a good many head of cattle, but the creatures were as elusive as Peter Pan. You could live here a lifetime and never meet one. And here were four of us all anxious for an immediate, personal encounter.

The thing to do was to adopt the tactics of Mr. Ledeboer, the famous tiger-hunter of Java who, when Mr. Jacobson met him here, eight years before, had killed more than a hundred tigers in Java, Bali and Sumatra.

He had stopped at Fort de Kock and arranged with the natives to have cattle put out near the different villages where tigers had been roaming, and then, when a kill happened, he hurried to the place, dug a hole in the ground, crawled in and covered himself with branches and there awaited the tiger's return.

Usually the tiger came at night, and when Mr.

Lederoer heard him tearing the flesh he turned on an electric torch he had fastened to his gun barrel, which flung out enough light for him to throw a gleam into the tiger's eyes. When he caught that reflection he knew where to shoot.

So we decided to have cattle put out as bait for we were told by every one that the tiger would touch only living food. He liked to do his own killing. Since there were four of us and time was an object, we made arrangements through Controleur Rookmaaher to have a hundred cows put out each night at various villages, paying the natives fifty cents a night for each animal thus exposed, and agreeing to pay full price, of course, should the tiger kill anything.

Out of a hundred animals, scattered in all directions, we thought to have a fair chance of attracting a tiger, and we planned to hold ourselves in readiness to dash to the spot the moment the news of a kill came in.

We were cautioned against hoping for anything for a night or two—it took time for the native mind to accustom itself to doing anything. Mr. Jacobson had once trapped seven tigers in a year for his collections, and he said it took three or four months before the natives could make up their minds to set the traps. However the Controleur said he could get the cows out in a few nights.

Then after they were out, it would take time for the tiger to make up his mind to approach. It usually took three months for a tiger to decide to enter a trap, for he was suspicious of the very ease of opportunity, but he ought not to be as wary of a tethered animal in the jungle as one within a stockade of a trap. And a hundred animals, we felt, gave us room for hope.

Meanwhile, we had a variety of curiosities about the natives to satisfy, and a collection of gold and silver cloths to make, so there was plenty to do while waiting word that Peter Pan had dined at our expense.

CHAPTER VI

WHERE WOMAN RULES

COMING from a country in which I am constantly being told by informative foreigners that we women have everything our own way, and in which we are actually gathering to ourselves some of those rights of property, and freedom of action from which the overtenderness of past generations has protected us, I was genuinely eager to behold a civilization in which woman has achieved no new rights, for she has never abandoned the ancient ones.

Of the two systems, patriarchy and matriarchy, matriarchy is undoubtedly the more primitive. When the beginnings of agriculture put an end to the wanderings of nomadic tribes, woman was probably the first to settle down, for the sedentary life suited her needs a bit better than it did the men's, and the work of agriculture became her particular task. She saw to the fields while the men occupied themselves with hunting and fishing and the more exciting and less dependable forms of food-getting.

Now a sensible woman, staying at home by her field, naturally encouraged her daughters to stay with her. She needed all the help they could give

and all the help they could bring into the family—and any of the hunting and fishing men of other tribes who happened by and stayed to do a little primitive courting, were encouraged to hang about, take a girl to wife, and lend a hand about the place.

As this state of things developed, it evolved into a society in which woman was decidedly the conditioning factor, in which descent was traced through her, property was inherited through her and the family was defined as the descendants of a woman.

Nowhere in the world has that system of matriarchy survived in such pure and unchanged form as among the Menang Kabau Malays of the Padang Highlands of Sumatra. Here the tribe, or *suku,* comprises the descendants in the female line of some ancestress.

The nominal head of the family, however, is not a woman, but a man, the oldest brother of the oldest woman. He is burdened with no great authority; his business is simply to administer the *adat,* the unalterable law of the tribe, and to act as mouthpiece for the collective will of his womenfolk.

It is not an unknown position in other lands but nowhere has it received such clear definition!

The children belong to the tribe of the mother and belong exclusively to the mother, both sons and daughters. In fact, a man does not call his descendants "his" children, but the "children of his wife."

"His" children are the offspring of his sisters, of his own *suku* or tribe.

"Your children are not going to school," said the Dutch Controleur to a well-dressed Malay we met upon the street. The Dutch, by the way, spend more on schools in the island than they get in taxes. "Now that we have built a school near your kampong we expect you to send your children."

"*Tuan* mistakes," said the Malay with a mild smile. "*My* children are going to that school."

"No, no, I have been there—your children are not coming."

The Malay's smile deepened discreetly.

"*My* children go to school—my children are the children of my sisters. I think your lordship is speaking of the little rascals of my wife."

A daughter does not leave her mother's house at marriage; neither does a son. The married daughter takes a room in the house as her especial *foyer,* and her husband visits her with more or less regularity.

At first, in the early flush of enthusiasm, he helps her in the rice fields in the daytime, but after a little he falls into the way of confining his visits to the evening, once or twice a week, dropping in just before dinner and leaving promptly just after breakfast. He has always the rice fields of his mother and sisters for excuse, or various activities of market-going and bullock-driving.

Curiously enough, however, a man calls the house of his wife, "my house," and his family house is the "house of my sisters." He seems to lead a most detached and desultory existence, perpetually visiting. When he is ill it is to his family house that he usually goes, to his mother; indeed, we heard of one wife indignantly speeding her husband on his way at the approach of illness.

"Do not come to me to take care of you—I am only your wife. Go to your mother!"

No wonder the Menang Kabau mothers have a saying, "No matter how far the heron flies from home he will always come back to his pools."

The property of husband and wife is absolutely separate. Sometimes a man manages his wife's property for her, but as often as not she has some relation do it. He can make her presents, if he likes, but he has no obligation at all for her support or the support of their children.

The dread word "upkeep" is nothing in the life of a Menang Kabau husband. He never has to listen about the new frocks that Mr. Jones delights to have Mrs. Jones buy, or the need for new curtains or a new car. He may prove accessible to little suggestions from the loved ones, but his relation is always that of the generous donor, never of the forced contributor.

Property among the Menang Kabaus is of two

kinds, the acquired and the inherited. The acquired can naturally be spent by its possessor, but the inherited is regarded as the common property of the family, not to be divided or spent, but preserved for the common good of the present possessors and the future heirs.

In this common property all the family have rights but those of the women and children come first, so the men get only the use of a share after the women have provided for themselves and their young. Such communal property, the rice fields, the crops, the bullocks, the ponies, the jewelry, the cloths of silver and gold, are never sold except for the most extreme need—for some important funeral or wedding, or the payment of a great debt—and then only by the will of the entire family.

It was a little difficult to discover the exact status of the men of the family in regard to this community will. Women had legally the disposing power, but it was considered unethical to act without consulting the men, since they certainly had their stake in the proceeding. They occupied one of those delicate relations in equity. . . .

Children inherit entirely through the mother, and all the children of one mother, whether of different fathers or not, are considered fully related; they make no distinction between themselves as to full or half brother and sisterhood.

Fatherhood seemed to me decidedly incidental and casual, while motherhood was real and earnest. I don't know how definite a Menang Kabau is about his horticultural facts but there was a little Malay poem that likens a woman to a blossom on a bush, brushed by the butterfly's wing, which seems to have more truth in the analogy than a love poem usually presents. Decidedly the matriarchal woman is no picked and withered rose; the butterflies may come and go but she keeps right on blooming on her deep-rooted parent bush.

She certainly has taken and kept to herself those rights of property, of authority over her family and of importance in the community life which the gentlemen of patriarchal tribes have generally managed to keep as their own perquisites. It was astonishing to think how few geographical miles separated the matriarch of the Menang Kabaus from the little indigo-clad chattel of the Bataks.

The Menang Kabau husband would have a poorer time of it than he does, were it not that his religion does not confine him to one wife. Long years ago these Malays were converted to a sort of Mohammedanism, so that they are nominally followers of Islam, but it is only perceptible in such matters as the plurality of wives, the freedom of divorce and the presence of little mosques about some of the kampongs.

This Mohammedanism gives a man four legal wives and as many extra legal as he may contrive, and though the Menang Kabau does not usually acquire more than two or three the plurality of partners is a decided amelioration of what might else be a somewhat unconsidered existence. It introduces that feeling among the wives which the Mormon writings used to refer to as "a pleasant spirit of rivalry," and the element of competition certainly enhances the value of the man's stock.

Divorce is obtained by the simple pronouncement of it before witnesses. It is extremely frequent and the remarriage of the separating ones—to each other—is frequent also.

Since the parties to a divorce are forbidden to remarry each other till they have been married to some one else, there has sprung up a custom of marriage for convenience for a single day, and a certain class of men have obligingly rented themselves out as temporary husbands. They form a group of what might be called matrimonial gigolos. The Menang Kabau refer to them as "blind Chinamen," why, I was never able to find out. They are rather suggestive of the professional corespondents which the exigencies of our own more complicated laws have established among us.

These traces of Mohammedanism were all that were apparent among the people; the village *adat,*

not the Koran, is supreme, and certainly the veiled, submissive women of Islam have no counterpart among these independent, high-handed matriarchs!

Once upon a time, after the Mohammedan influence had first reached these highlands, the men went on crusade to Mecca. They brought back to Sumatra with them the necklaces of old amber which now hang about the necks of some of the womenfolk, some strings of rose coral and a number of nice, pretty veils.

They had seen the veiled women of the Mohammedan world and been greatly struck by the advantages of the situation—to the men. What docility, what subserviency, what humble counting-for-nothingness!

You can imagine with what high hopes they packed up those nice new veils, hoping the charm of the colors and the silken fineness of the textures would convince their own womenfolk of the desirability of donning them and shrouding their firm features. They had a perfectly sound notion that if they could only get their women to veil their faces the rest would follow.

I imagine that as they neared their homes they rehearsed their arguments to each other with a little less certainty, secretly bolstering up each other's misgivings.

They had some reason to hope, for the free black

woman of Africa, born to the open sun, to a scanty goatskin, to ease and freedom in all her movements, has docilely shrouded herself and put on the *yashmak* in deference to her man's conformity to his new religions, and with her muffled form and stifled face wrapped in black cloth she peers furtively out at the bright world from which she is forever barring herself.

But the women of Sumatra were of no such pliant stuff. They took the necklaces—their daughters wear them now—and they took the veils, and, while the men explained their use hopefully, the women seized the cloth, wound it dexterously about their heads in the big folds with which they love to turban themselves, and announced themselves firm in that arrangement.

They told their men that when they went again on pilgrimage they must bring back more amber, more coral and more of those veils for headdresses. And that was that. . . .

A Menang Kabau wedding is a magnificent sight, with all the parade and expense attendant upon our own woman-engineered ceremonies. The bridegroom plays a rather undistinguished rôle through the celebration, but his appearance has a splendor equal to the bride's, for both of them, and the wedding party, also, are glittering in the garments of gold and silver cloth that are the inherited property of their families.

A MATRIARCHAL WEDDING PARTY IN GOLD AND SILVER CLOTH

MATRIARCHS AT HOME

A MENANG KABAU BRIDE AND GROOM ARE A GLITTERING PAIR

ALICE AT LAKE MENANDJAU

Originally the Menang Kabau had made their own metal threads of actual gold and silver, and they wove these, sometimes solidly, sometimes with silk threads of old red and black and plum color, into most beautiful and intricate designs.

The introduction of gold and silver thread from Japan about a hundred years ago destroyed the integrity of the ancient art. The people began using the new, easy thread, which ultimately tarnishes, instead of their old, laboriously achieved one, and then they began simplifying the designs. The new work is brilliant and bright and the patterns are interesting enough, but not a piece of it is fit to stand beside the old.

Those old pieces have a richness of design and a firm closeness of weave that make them very marvelous works of art. There are old pieces of fine woven crimson silk, patterned with pure gold, so soft in texture they can be slipped through a ring. There are lengths of plum and purple silk with ends stiff with solid metal of exquisitely fine patterning, so rich that they can stand alone. There are shorter pieces of solid golds and silvers whose close interweaving is as delicate as a play of light.

Our search was for the finest of the old pieces in good condition and since Dr. Cole had combed the region we were at first not overhopeful, but we found that many of the kampongs had old treasures which

they were only beginning to consider selling when he left the country. We were the next market and I think we reaped almost the last of the harvest. Prices were high for they were often based on the actual weight of the gold and silver plus the value of the work and the state of preservation. The old work has been finished these hundred years and there will be no more of it made—only the new, meretricious pieces will be used for their fêtes and for the consumption of the tourists who have begun to reach the coast.

It was not only the festive garments of the Menang Kabau that glittered; but their dwellings as well. Those curved-roofed houses that had delighted us across the rice fields were intimately beautiful with gilding and carving and fine-patterned painting. In this tropic world where life was lived almost wholly outdoors, where the houses were only for shelter in the darkness and during the seasonal, brief rains, it was naturally the outside of the houses that wore the decorations. And not only the homes were gay, but the drum houses and the little rice barns on their staggering stilts were glorified in gold and color. I don't know when I have seen more charming dwellings than those vivid, upcurved houses glimmering out against the shrouding green of their backgrounds.

With garments of pure gold and houses that were like pictures it seemed to me that the matriarchal

women had certainly satisfied the feminine love for richness and beauty about the person and the home! I don't know how much credit originally belonged to her and how much to the man for the art impulse, but she is in full possession of the results. Even in her everyday dress we noticed that the well-to-do wore buttons of solid gold—old English sovereigns were the favorites.

And almost all the people are well-to-do. None of them are poor. Want and squalor are unknown in those painted villages and fertile rice fields.

The matriarchal system, with its strict preservation of property, has absolutely protected children from the squandering or bad judgment of parents, and wives and husbands from their own possible unthrift. There is not an old person among them that faces want and dependence; there is not a child born to them whose maintenance is unprovided for. They are enjoying what we shall never achieve in half a hundred generations. I have never seen a system that worked so well for the greatest happiness of the greatest number.

The only hardship that it seemed to involve was in the relation of husband and wife, whose daily life lacked those constant bonds, those thousand intimacies of casual contact and mutual responsibility that make for a deepened and more spiritual association. But on the other hand they are spared the irksome-

ness of the constant rubbings of mismated unions, and the children have none of the wretchedness or irritability of unhappy homes.

They seemed to be perfectly satisfied with their own arrangements. And they were generally tolerant with each other for any lapses from too difficult fidelity to their code.

"I am so glad you are going to this village," said a Malay boy to his white master. "I have a wife here —I have not seen her for three years."

"Oho! Suppose she has been seeing some one else in such a long absence?"

"And should I blame her when I neglect her?" said the boy reasonably.

He added, "I shall say nothing about anything of the sort—unless she rattles too much at my absence!"

Rattling is one of the specialties of matriarchal wives. Fishmongers and gondoliers have been credited with remarkably unrestrained fluencies, when provoked, but the Menang Kabau housewife is said to outdistance any competitors in speaking her mind.

We heard of an occurrence at a near-by village where a man had a wife he had been in the habit of visiting every Tuesday evening. Then he married again, and the charms of his younger bride made him omit the Tuesday call; indeed it was Friday or Saturday before he got around to the older lady.

She received him in silence. She ignored him

utterly. She ignored, also, any preparations for the evening meal. It happened that she was a choice cook and her rice *tafel* was something the man cherished. But now she sat in silence, boiling no rice, frying no shredded coconut, stewing no chicken or beans.

From the rooms about them came the appetizing smell of crisply cooking food, the tantalizing fragrance of spices and onions and hot bread.

Finally the man could bear it no longer. Though he knew he was breaking the dam that held back the floods he inquired, "What about dinner?"

Then she began. She began upon his earliest known forebears and their delinquencies; she rattled every bone in the family skeleton as she dissected it down the centuries. She had thoroughly warmed to the topic by the time she reached his generation and she pounced upon every member of it, shaking them one by one like rats; then she exhibited him to himself as she saw him, in the light of her experience, his own behavior and that of his relations.

It was a monument of invective. She had not only the silent husband for audience but the entire household, sitting entranced in the open-faced rooms, hanging on every word.

Ultimately she concluded. And having said her say and not having it gainsaid, she then went about the delayed business of dinner. And next Tuesday he came promptly on the usual night.

He could, of course, have divorced her on the spot. But he was fond of her and he was fond of their—of her—children; moreover she was within her rights. Any other Menang Kabau wife, neglected upon her appointed night, would have rattled as vociferously.

Of course the old order is changing. More and more, as under the Dutch régime and the coming of Europeans, men have an opportunity to go out in the world and earn a good living, they are setting up for themselves as shopkeepers, gold-workers, house-boys, clerks, and taking wives to keep house for them, and supporting their children.

These men want to change the old system of inheritance, for they want to leave their personal earnings to their children and under the *adat* only half of such personal earnings can be left; one half must go to the household of the man's mother.

A gold-worker came to a Dutch Controleur when we were there and asked to have the Dutch government see that his money, after his death, went to his own family and not to the household of his mother.

The Controleur shook his head. "We do not change your laws," he said. "We administer them. First change your village *adat*—and then come to me and you will see that the law, as you have made it, is carried out. . . . Is not that justice?"

"It may be justice, *Tuan,*" said the Malay thoughtfully, "but it does not fill my need."

"Then give your money to your children in your lifetime."

At that the Malay shook his head. He had never read *King Lear* but he had no need to.

"I will ask Allah to open another door to me," he remarked to that.

Such men are the vanguard of the new army of change, but it will take many generations to upset that soundly established system.

Let me say right here that the Dutch attitude to the natives seemed to us everything that was sound and sensible and considerate. The officials are fine types of men and the country prospers under their supervision. Their respect for the customs of the people is the best possible foundation for good will and understanding.

Buying a piece of land from the Menang Kabau is an exhausting task.

Mr. Jacobson wanted to purchase about three acres. He collected the people of the village before a notary and they all took oath that no one else had a right to it; then he paid over the price of two thousand guilders. He sent over to Batavia for the official approval of the sale; then he gave that paper to the Controleur who asked, in due form of law, if there was any objection to the granting of a deed—and lo! there appeared a flock of conscientious objectors.

The second lot of self-styled owners declared they did not wish to sell. The first group was called in, and declared the second lot had no right to ownership of the land at all. Then the palaver began.

The second lot asked the same price that the first lot had received. The first lot said the second had no right to a guilder. The second lot thereupon stated that, if the first lot would take the sacred oath that this second lot had no right in the land, they would withdraw every vestige of claim.

You can see in what esteem they hold their sacred oath.

The appointed day for a decision came; the grounds filled with spectators and the second lot sat alone in the center. The first lot was conspicuous by its absence, but the village *adat* commands an appearance before noon, so the crowd waited in patient expectation and at ten minutes before twelve the first lot made a dramatic arrival.

A vehement discussion ensued that came to no more agreement than before. It was during the Rains and a torrential downpour drenched them all; the spectators fled but the participants had to sit on, debating, as the village *adat* prescribes that in such a case the disputants must come to an agreement before sunset.

At last the first lot came to the European officials and reported that their sacred oath was much too

sacred to be used in such a case! It was quite evident that the second had some right, and that the first lot had appropriated too much to themselves and the thing to do now was to arrive at some settlement between them.

More palaver—and then the second lot agreed to take one half the price that the first lot had received. It was then revealed to Mr. Jacobson that the first lot had cannily given out the price as one thousand guilders, so they agreed to pay the others five hundred. Then they came to Mr. Jacobson to lend them the five hundred as they had already spent the purchase money.

He lent it—so far he has had no return—and he received the agreement of the second lot to the sale; he sent the papers on again to Batavia; they came back with the official approval and he gave them to the Controleur and the Controleur was congratulating him when—

Our hotel telephone rang. The voice of an official said in the excellent English that all the Dutch officials speak, "Do you know that village where I said there was a good chance for a tiger?" He named it and I said, "Yes, yes," breathlessly.

"Last night a native was going out for his buffalo calf when he saw a tiger attacking it. He rushed out and beat the tiger off."

"He beat him off—?"

"Yes—was not that stupid? It is the very native, too, who is putting out an old cow for you at night. But he said that no arrangement had been made about the calf—naturally he did not want to lose the calf—"

"We would have paid—"

"Yes, I told him that you would have paid. He knew you were doing everything possible to get a tiger. But he said his arrangement was about a cow. . . . But perhaps the tiger will come back to-night and get the cow."

Perhaps he would. Perhaps he would not. (He did not, as it happened.)

I came back from the phone. "But the land?" I inquired, going back to the story.

"Oh, that was discovered to be an old burial lot which the *adat* forbids them to sell anyway—so I never got it, or my guilders, back."

Buying real estate is a soothing business in Sumatra.

CHAPTER VII

DIVERSIONS OF THE MATRIARCHS

SATURDAY was the day of the big market at Fort de Kock. Upon Wednesday there was a small affair of some twenty thousand people, but on Saturday came a crowd fifty and sixty thousand strong.

By dawn the roads about Fort de Kock would be filled with galloping little pony carts tearing importantly ahead, by slow-pacing bullock carts and a stream of evenly moving people, clad in clean whites and blues and pinks, balancing huge bundles on their heads.

Bunches of bananas, trays of durian and custard apples, mounds of sugar cane, baskets of coconut cakes, all made their leisurely way along, to the accompaniment of talk and laughter as the stream of bearers was constantly augmented by fresh arrivals from the little kampongs by the wayside.

Usually the women wore sarongs of Javanese batik or printed cotton from Germany or Japan, with long overblouses of fresh lawn or organdie, buttoned down with those gold sovereigns of theirs, and the characteristic and unbecoming headdresses of large folds of

cloth, with hanging ends. Generally they used a blue print cloth for this turban, but there was a decided fashion move towards the use of Turkish towels, for both men and women.

The men were sometimes in sarongs and coats, sometimes in European white ducks, but the prevalent style seemed to be a European shirt and long, full trousers of batik material cut on pajama lines. Pajamas themselves, pure and simple, were a good deal in evidence, for the entire native masculine Indies have adopted them as the most comfortable and convenient daytime garment. On their heads the men wore turbans of cloth or silk or close-fitting Turkish fezzes. One or two in the thousands had old felt hats of European origin.

I wish I knew the area of the great white, plaster-walled square, with its roofs and stalls and covered buildings that the Dutch have built for this huge market; I only know that within those walls was a seething city of vendors and buyers and such a vast quantity of merchandise that it did not seem possible that all this was only for a day, that all these goods had been transported here in the morning to be taken away at night.

Sixty thousand people. . . . Outside the gates was a wide space filled with the little sados and their lively ponies—vehicles enough to convey an entire city. And all day long more of them rattled in, and all day

SIXTY THOUSAND THRONG THE SATURDAY MARKET

MALAY FASHIONS

THE MATTING MARKET

EVEN THE RICE BARNS ARE BEAUTIFULLY DECORATED

long came the slow-moving bullocks, hauling their carts of produce, and all day long the foot travelers, with their wares, added to the crowd.

Inside the walls, one wandered in interminable lanes of merchandise, through broom markets and aisles of matting and thickets of sugar cane, between mounds of coconuts and custard apples and durian —heaven help you if the natives were eating durian as you approached, for the smell is like old, disgusting eggs, though they say the taste is delicious—and mangosteens and mangoes and papayas and vegetables of endless kinds; down the rows of breads and up through the cakes and delicacies into the regions of the rice *tafel,* where the fresh-boiled rice shows white above the little fires of the traveling kitchens, and the endless side dishes thrust out quaint smells and unrecognizable claws.

So clean were these foods, so delicate the cakes of white of egg and fresh coconut, that we often bought and ate them without a qualm of fastidiousness.

Beyond the foods were the stalls of pottery and dishes, and the jars and the baskets and the raffia strips for weaving, and then came avenues of notions, outspread, and streets hung with cloth, like banners, and booths of cotton and silk and ready-made garments and little stalls where the tailors sat cross-legged by Singer hand sewing machines, ready to

make up the cloth instantly into whatever garment might be desired.

The tailors were all men, for sewing is man's work throughout the East. The matriarchal woman had no difficult clothes problem for her family upon her hands—she merely took little Dimang by the arm, selected a cheery piece of white cloth printed with blue and red birds or purple blossoms, then marched him to the tailor, who took his measurements, drove his shears through the cloth, ran the pieces through his sewing machine, and handed over a nice pair of cotton trousers.

Mother then led Dimang off behind one of the plaster walls, effected a transfer, and came out with a discarded pair of cotton trousers to sell to the old-clothes stall.

It was the old-clothing places that we haunted more than any others for there we often found scraps of precious old brocades, worn sashes of three-hundred-year-old gold patterning and batik that had come over from Java three generations ago.

The very finest batik that I have ever secured, and I can almost say, seen, I bought from the very legs of a little old lady one day at the market. She was as brown and wrinkled as a winter apple, and every bit of cotton on her was as clean and fresh-washed as a little New England grandmother's Sunday linen. Her husband was as brown and wrinkled and fresh-

washed as she, and the pair of them were wandering down the cloth market, fingering the piles of gaudy cloth when I caught sight of the batik sarong she was wearing.

It was a delicately intricate design done with exacting fineness, with birds and beasts marvelously intertwined in colors of bright red and indigo, orange and brown. I was newer then to batik than I am now, but I knew that I was looking at a work of art. I was alone in the market and my Malay was none too fluent and my courage for this sort of thing none too great, but I went up to her, told her that I thought her sarong beautiful, and asked if I might buy it.

She was immensely embarrassed and edged a little away—I could see just what sort of bad-mannered foreign lunatic she thought me. Deprecatingly she said it was old, very old, four of her mothers—four generations I think she meant—had worn it.

As I insisted on its beauty she showed me places where it had been subtly mended. She was as poor a vendor as I a buyer.

I am never a person who has luck with bargains, for when I want a thing I want it so openly and frankly and longingly that the seller and his entire family are aware of it and fix the price accordingly. The men of our party used to plead with me to pass on, far on, out of earshot, while they were conducting

any negotiations for me. Even my presence, my expression, cramped their style.

I had no thought of bargaining now but all unknowingly I made the bargain of my life; I asked the price of a sarong of new cotton on the pile she had been admiring and offered her that for her old one. It seemed a fair basis for a beginning.

A crowd had collected that offered us frank comment and advice and a dozen vendors were thrusting their piles of new wares upon my attention. The little old lady murmured a little, humorously and embarrassedly, to the little old man, who seemed to find this a woman's affair and tried to look over the tops of our heads.

Then she started to walk away. I entreated and she nodded back reassuringly and said something that I tried to hope meant for me to wait—my Malay is stronger on expression than on interpretation.

I waited, while the crowd grew in numbers and vociferousness; every one seemed to share my uncertainty of her return and a great deal of amusement at my situation. Meanwhile they besought me to buy another piece. . . .

I must have waited twenty minutes. Then back she came, another sarong wrapped about her little body, and the one I yearned for folded in a neat pile in her hand.

I gave her the money and she turned instantly, in

a flutter of important excitement, to the mound of bright, new goods and the crowd rocked with laughter.

The joke, they felt, was on the foreigner. I had actually bought the old piece. I had paid money for it. The rank and file of Sumatra is not keen on appreciation of old batik.

I paid three and a half guilders for that piece and two museums have asked for it, for the workmanship is of the best of that old period. The detail is like a Chinese painting. I only hope my old lady is one half so happy in her new sarong as I am with the cloth of her grandmother's.

Another thing that we bought in the bazaars was the amber that hung about nearly every woman's neck, the amber that their grandfathers had brought back from their pilgrimages to Mecca. At Fort de Kock we were able to get a good deal of it, though the price ran up rapidly, as soon as they found that we were actually buying, leaping from three guilders to twenty in a day and to a hundred in a week.

Fort de Kock was almost the only place where the women were willing to sell; there the fashion had turned towards gold beads and chains, and amber was outmoded, but at other villages where we motored—for there were markets nearly every day in the vicinity—the women knew no other styles and were tenacious of their beads.

This market system, with its clothes at command, its freshly baked foodstuffs, its supplies for every need and emergency, seems to have taken the household drudgery out of the Menang Kabau woman's life. Certainly it had established social habits that did away with all need for daily paper or listening in on telephones.

The men did only about a hundredth part of the selling and less of the buying; many of them were clothes dealers and tailors and jewelers, but most of them liked to get off by themselves at one side of the market place and spend the day cheerily in gambling and quail fighting.

At first I thought I could not bear to see a quail fight; I had horrid visions of the birds savagely pecking out each other's eyes, but I was reassured, and then I used to haunt the place. I never saw anything funnier.

It is not a cockfight. Only the lady quails fight, and they do it by instinct—they are not trained to it. If a tame quail is put out as decoy a wild one will drop down and attack, and be so oblivious in the fray that it is captured.

It is not a fight proper but a wrestling match; the little plump brown creatures seize each other by the beaks and struggle to overturn each other; when one has been thrown on its back the game is over.

The Malays bet prodigiously on these birds of

theirs and I saw one sturdy old quail win quite a fortune for her owner. He was reckless of her strength; three times in succession he put her out of her cage to meet competitors and three times she twisted and tugged and heaved till she had downed the other struggling bird and held it, doing its own heaving and squirming, over on its back. Three times he collected wagers.

A fourth time a competitor's cage was put down. The big quail, still panting, came out and cocked a bright eye at her challenger. Her owner made his wagers, but she made up her mind, uttered a disgusted cluck and marched back into her cage. Enough was enough. The wrangling over the wagers was still going on when I left.

We used to spend entire days at the markets, with our picture-taking and purchasing, enjoying the drama of little incidents. There was the lady who was about to sell us an amber necklace when her husband said yes too eagerly and she paused, reflected upon the pressure that might be upon her in the disposal of the money, turned a disenchanted eye upon him and said no to us all.

There was the goldsmith who wanted his wife to go to housekeeping with him, in his small house on the road, away from her mother's house in the kampong. She was a small, sullen-looking girl, selling delightful cakes, and she was upset and aggrieved at

the burden of a decision much too heavy for her powers of acceptance or resistance. . . .

Why should she want to live out of the kampong—away from her mother and sisters? It would be tiresome in the house with one man all the time!

There was a day when she kept her little girl with her all day by the cake stall, refusing to allow the child to run over to see the goldsmith, who was wheedling her with a pair of gilt earrings. . . . But the goldsmith had another bow to his string.

He had another wife. She had no children and he was not so fond of her; the other was his first choice for a resident companion, but if she were disinclined, he would not wait forever. No longer than the sunset of one market day, he at last decided.

The market buzzed with advice. . . . Women heartened up the girl's refusal, men guyed the goldsmith to know if his woman would come. . . . I was as agitated as the rest.

The poor little wife looked so bewildered and cross that I did not see how he could have much joy out of her. She scolded every one about the place. . . . It was nearly sunset. . . . Suddenly her face cleared. She caught up a pair of the best cakes and thrust them at her little girl.

"Take these to your father—he can come for the rest to-night if they are not sold."

It was capitulation, and at once she looked as

pleased and delighted as if she had longed for nothing else. She began eagerly discussing the advantages of her future position, the importance of the new house for his trade. She became instantly a young woman of importance. She was patronizingly kind. The little girl hung joyfully about the goldsmith, waiting for the gilt earrings. Everybody was joyful. . . . Except, possibly, the alternative wife. . . .

All day long, against the dazzling white of the plaster wall the colors of the market place moved like a constantly disorganized rainbow. Brilliant sarongs of orange and red, headdresses of white and deep blue over the glowing brown faces, blouses of brilliant pinks and greens and delicate blues went vividly through aisles of red clay pots, melons like emeralds, brown coconuts and cloths of deep indigo.

India was outdone, a mere wash of water color. Here, by noon, in the brilliance of the tropic light, the eyes were aching with the intensity of color. The vendors opened yellow umbrellas, like glowing suns, and sat in pools of purple shadow.

By afternoon the families in the farthest villages who must journey on foot began to drift away imperceptibly. Pony carts were still bringing others to take their place. But as the hours passed the tide took direction.

I remember a parting glimpse of one matriarch, a

tall woman standing straight under the burden of cane on her head. She was exquisitely clean, even after a day at the market; the only sullied thing about her was that crimson stain of betel juice on her mouth. A little girl in white held one hand; a baby boy was in a blue sling about her shoulder. She had had a good day for she was smiling with a look of pleased content.

She had paused for a word with her husband. Was he coming over that night?

He looked discomfited; he had been winning at the quail fights and had evidently other, more independent, masculine plans.

She was smiling tolerantly as she listened to him; it did not seem to matter to her greatly. She explained that she would buy some special food before she left if he was coming.

I do not know what was decided. I only know I caught something of her amused impersonality, her curious sense of the unimportance of the particular event. He was her husband; that was enough; the family was assured; the stream of life went on. She had her own.

But since she had mentioned the dinner, perhaps she was more subtly feminine than I suspected. . . .

At Batang Palupuh, one of the villages near Fort de Kock, there blooms the largest flower in the world. It blooms only once a year and only for three to seven

days. It was our good fortune to be there at the time of blooming and we motored out with Mr. Jacobson.

We motored to a distant kampong, then took a footpath through the jungle, a path, Mr. Jacobson said, that had taken him years of palaver to arrange and a few months to make. It led us to a hillside where, outspread upon the ground, directly upon the roots of a tree, lay a huge, five-petaled, ruddy-colored object—the largest flower in the world.

I gazed at it without emotion. So this was the *Rafflesia Arnoldi!* It looked like it. A monstrous flower and an uncouth name—compounded from its discoverers, Sir Stamford and Lady Raffles and Dr. Arnold, who discovered the flower in one of their rambles, when Sir Stamford was governor of Bencoolen in 1818.

It must have filled them with solemn amazement. . . . A Goliath of a flower, three feet across! This one was a little larger, and in this same patch of jungle, discovered by Mr. Jacobson, there had bloomed one an inch or two larger. This kind is found only in Sumatra though other genera and other species have later been discovered in Java and Borneo, Malacca and the Philippines.

The central cavity is over a foot across and has a capacity of a gallon and a half. The flesh-colored petals are a foot long with blobs on them that reminded me of a wart hog's adornments; they increase

in thickness from a quarter of an inch to three quarters. It is not a beautiful flower; it is a remarkable one. It is fatly gigantic, like a Rubens lady.

It is a parasite springing directly from the roots of the vine on which it feeds; it has no leaves of any kind. Only one flower blooms at a time and that, as I said, only for a few days; it takes a year for the cabbage-like bud to unfold. When freshly opened the flower gives off an odor like dead fish—an odor that attracts flies and is a pollen-carrying device. Solemnly we knelt down and verified the authenticity of the fragrance. It smelled like *very* dead fish. It smelled like Gloucester wharfs.

It made me think of Gulliver's travels. What a *boutonnière* for a Brobdingnagian!

The mountainous interior of Sumatra is one of the most picturesque regions on the face of the earth, and the Padang Highlands one of the loveliest parts. The Dutch have an excellent system of roads and after our foot marches in Africa the journeying in motor cars still savored of a magic carpet. We made expeditions left and right, to various kampongs and lakes. Lake Menandjau was the most beautiful; I think it the most beautiful small lake I have ever seen. It was a crater lake but much larger than the African crater lakes near the Ruwenzori. One looked down from the heights upon a green level

floor of water, encircled with fringed palms, and walled with steeply rising rock.

We saw it first in a stormy moment of magic, when the wind was blowing clouds in through a cleft in the rocky wall opposite us until the entire crater was filled with billowing white cloud. Underneath it the sun was shining, like a pale, silver-gilt rain and the floor of the lake was gleaming like quicksilver.

The climate of these tropical highlands was ideal. Fort de Kock is considered one of the healthiest places in the world. It was a very pleasant community, much more like a domestic suburb in its daily existence than the towns of British colonies with their fixed social rounds of clubs and sports and dinners. Tennis was nothing in the existence of the sturdy Dutch *hausfrau* of the Indies; her only apparent exercise was a slow promenade on the arm of her man in the late afternoon about the Fort, but her real strenuousness was about the house on the business of home-making.

I once said deservedly bitter things about the dentist of Dar-Es-Salam. I would like to put on record my appreciation of Dr. Wilmer of Fort de Kock who made good much of the wrong that had been done our teeth. I advise any one in the Orient with a toothache to hurry to him, as he was both kind and competent.

Life at the Park Hotel had every comfort—and

such good food! We had been acquainted with rice *tafel* since Penang and we ate it later till we were in Indo-China, but never before or since did we know anything to equal the rice *tafel* of the Park Hotel. Special Javanese cooks were busy all day preparing it.

The beginning of the affair is rice, mounds of it, white and separate-grained, as the East knows how to cook it, and it is served with side dishes that are heaped upon the rice and consumed in glorious medley. We had always thought that a dozen side dishes made an ample *tafel,* but the ordinary rice *tafel* of the Park Hotel, served every luncheon as one of the seven courses, had twenty-one side dishes, and the Sunday *tafel* had forty. Literally forty.

The procession of white-clad table boys that came bearing the offerings from the kitchen looked like the entrance of the pope's choir. They brought chicken cooked in all kinds of ways, delicately fried coconut shreds, crisped nuts, alluring vegetables, spiced onions, sauces whose ingredients were rare and flavorsome, dabs of curried trifles, bits of piquant fish, appetizers of all sorts and kinds.

This course was preceded every noon by a soup with forcemeat balls, and was followed by a *fillet,* green peas, potatoes, then a salad course, all with accompanying varieties of bread, then a chocolate pancake, for a sweet, then papaya compote, a nectar

and ambrosia affair, then fresh fruits and coffee. This would be varied each day but never lessened.

After one experience we compromised upon the rice *tafel* with as many of the side dishes as we could compass, followed by the papaya compote made especially for us.

Dinner at night was more substantial. Then we had soup, fish, with accompaniments of potatoes and carrots, then beef, potatoes, tomatoes, peas and cauliflower, followed by cake, ice cream, fresh fruits and coffee. Wines and liqueurs to your taste. So, waddling, to bed.

It was the breakfast, however, that won Alice. From the standardized, unimaginative affair of fruit, cereal, toast, bacon and eggs that had been her lot at home and in Africa, she found herself confronted by a table glittering with cold pink meats, with beige and purple sausage, with fishes floating in oils, with yellow meadows of cheese, with smoking brown gingerbread. Cheese and hot gingerbread and cold meat! She took to it like a young Hollander and, reflecting upon the sturdiness of the Holland physique, I let her go to it and she thrived.

Now all this was very well from the point of view of pleasure and interest, but we were far too comfortable to be deserving of success with the tigers. This was no sort of hunting at all.

We were following the directions of the people

who lived in Sumatra and who knew the conditions but we were more and more sure that we should never get anything this way. Other people might. They might sit still in comfortable rooms and have cows put out luxuriously for them and tigers obligingly eat them, but we knew nothing of the sort would ever happen to us!

We had always had to work like dogs for any of the big game that we had achieved and we did not believe now that we should ever get a tiger without doing a bit of the hard work ourselves. The only difficulty was—what to do? Not a tiger came near one of the hundred cows that were earning fifty cents apiece each night for their masters by their exposure to the evening air.

We had unworthy suspicions, not unshared by some of the leading citizens of Fort de Kock, that the Malays were probably leading the cows about the rice barn and then restoring them to their safe places and calling it a night, but the officials were quite sure that the natives would never attempt any pettifogging of this sort. Not after official orders. They made the natives sound as virtuous as a political party before election, but Herbert was Scotch and had his doubts.

It seemed strange that night after night a hundred animals could be put out into remote outskirts of lonely villages and that tiger after tiger would pass them by in favor of tiring chases after wild hog and

deer and little furry trifles. It could happen, of course, but we had a craving to get nearer the scene of action and do something to it.

So we welcomed the news that a tiger had been prowling about a distant village, Pangkalan Kota Baroch, and had eaten a dog. We rushed into a motor and hurried to the place.

CHAPTER VIII

WERE-TIGERS AND OTHERS

PANGKALAN KOTA BAROCH was about four hours by motor from the Fort and the way was the most beautiful we had yet seen. Much of the road was cut from solid rock at one side of mountains, with a sheer cliff wall going up on one side and down on the other, perpendicular tree roots gripping its bare rock. Then came open spaces, uncultivated and wild-looking, with great mountains on the horizon.

The village was a small straggle of houses with a thatch-and-matting-made *pasangrahan* for the accommodation of visitors with official permission. On the way we had stopped at Pajokoemboch to see the Assistant Resident who had promised to telephone this permission out to the Malay at the resthouse or to the *damang* or chief of the village, but this had slipped the official's mind and we found the resthouse keeper totally unprepared for our invasion.

Our grasp of his language did not permit of the long debate in which he was prepared to engage, and we solved the difficulty by taking possession of the place and demanding *makan,* or food. The *makan,*

when it came, was the inevitable rice, unsalted, with no side dishes. It was a great change from the Park Hotel and we felt that it might be the beginning of a new order which would bring us nearer the tiger.

And a tiger there was. A week before it had taken the dog of the innkeeper, and four days before it had taken the dog of a white engineer living there. The three men of our party called on the engineer and verified this. The innkeeper's wife declared that only last night she had heard the tiger beneath the house, evidently after the chickens.

It seemed reasonable to hope that if some cows were put out in the near-by jungle the tiger would not overlook the opportunity. Herbert decided to get this done, and as there was room at the resthouse for only two, he stayed on with Arthur Scott while the rest of us wished them luck and motored back to Fort de Kock to wait for news.

We heard nothing for two days. Then a Ford tore up to the hotel and disgorged two thin, emaciated men, who began shouting for food. They had been subsisting upon unsalted rice and had reached the saturation point. Between mouthfuls of real provender they told us, first about the rice, and then about the tiger.

No luck. They had had great trouble persuading the natives to do anything at any price about putting

out any animals. Finally they had got three put out the first night but only one the second. This seemed such a poverty of opportunity that it did not seem worth while to their hungry judgments to wait about any longer.

They were sure the next night the natives would do nothing at all. Neither payments for present time nor hope of future reward seemed able to overcome the Malay indifference to effort. The natives seemed to have a conviction that the tiger had gone on his way and that effort was in vain.

So much time had now gone by that we were getting desperate and spent all our hours in anxious consultation with every one interested about the best place to go and the best thing to do. Everything depended upon decisions that had to be made more or less in the dark.

We were invited to rubber plantations where tigers prowled; we considered various localities. We became versed in the history of every tiger that any one had ever killed at any time.

We learned how the remote villages refused to reveal the depredations of tigers lest the tiger's spirit return and revenge itself upon the informant, or send other tigers to do it. Everywhere there was a belief in the tiger's supernatural powers; it was bad luck to speak his name and not even the sophisticated Malay of the towns mentioned him lightly, and the

men of the wilderness said, "My lord tiger," deprecatingly, with a fearful backward look.

We heard of the belief in the "follow tiger," the good tiger that befriends a particular person that it adopts for its benefactions—a belief that not only natives but some Europeans have come to share.

"I used to laugh at that as native talk," a German planter, who had been forty years in Sumatra, declared. "Now I know better, for my sons have 'follow tigers' that see that they come to no harm."

We heard, too, on every side of the were-tiger, the *tjindak,* the tiger that changes itself into a human being. Lonely villages, on the edge of the jungle, had always stories of some man amongst them with that dreadful power.

In one village there had been a man living a little apart from the others, all alone. He kept a great deal to himself but nothing was known against him, or even suspected. He did little work in the rice fields but he never seemed to be suffering from want. There were always tiger trails in the jungles and one evening a beast came to the village spring, at nightfall, and leaped upon a young girl drawing water there. Her screams brought her father, who threw his spear at the tiger as it disappeared, but he was too late to save the girl. She was dead.

In the morning the villagers followed the bloody track of the tiger, and the trail led in a circle back

to the village, to the house of the lonely man on the edge of the jungle. The tiger print was very plain in the field by the house and there was blood on the rungs of the ladder leading up to the door.

The villagers shouted. No answer. They wondered whether the tiger had got in and killed him. Or was he simply not at home? They went up the ladder and broke open the door. On the floor lay the dead body of the man, the father's spear through his chest.

"Always, when dying, the *tjindak* takes on its human form," said the Malay simply.

In a rubber plantation at Labocon Bihil a tiger had been lurking about and the Chinaman who owned the place put out a steel trap. A native woman crossed the fields and was caught in it. She screamed for help and the Chinaman came running but when he saw she was in the trap he was sure that she was a *tjindak* so he ran promptly away.

There were natives working in the fields who saw what was happening and being of the same mind as the Chinaman left the evil creature, as they supposed, to its fate. The poor thing was not released till some natives who knew her chanced by. She recovered, and though her foot was sadly hurt, she bore no ill will to the Chinaman or the unaiding natives for she thought it utterly natural for them to think and act as they did.

Another story of were-tigers that we heard from the natives was of a man with a very beautiful wife. She was a silent woman, they said, with some strange ways—always sleepy in the daytimes. Often her husband found her sleeping in the rice fields.

She had a way of stealing out at night after her husband was asleep; sometimes he waked and found her gone and when she came in she made all manner of excuses. He could not be jealous for she never looked at another man, and when he followed her one night she merely wandered off into the jungle and told him, later, that she was ill and needed a river bath in the moon.

He was afraid some harm would befall her through these strange habits and cautioned her, so, for a time after that she did not stir. Later he found that he was sleeping very heavily and did not wake of nights and that she was sleepy again daytimes.

But he could not be angry, for her beauty bewitched his heart, and she was a good wife, devoted to him, never getting into disputes with the neighbors and such a clever cook. She was very skillful in snaring small creatures in the forest which she skinned and cooked so there was always meat in his house for dinner.

He noticed that she was growing to eat nothing but meat, that she only pretended to eat rice, and soon she only pretended to cook her own meat. She

was eating it almost raw. However, he thought nothing; each to his taste. . . .

One night, at dusk, a dreadful thing happened. For some time a tiger's tracks had been seen in the forest but there were always beasts in the forest, and as nothing happened to the village the natives were careless. This night, just at dusk, three of the children went down to the water and a tiger sprang out upon the smallest little girl, striking her to the ground. The others ran screaming back.

The men nearest at hand seized their spears and daggers and rushed to the spot. As they approached they saw a tiger bound away into the bushes, growling furiously. The child was dead, its body frightfully torn.

When the husband heard this he was concerned for his wife's safety as she was working out in some distant rice fields, and he hurried to find her. She was not there. Anxiously he went back home and she was already in the house, preparing his evening meal. She knew nothing of what had occurred and sadly he told her of the child's death, for he knew she would be sad as she had played much with that child. They had no little ones of their own.

She said almost nothing for she was a silent woman. She went on cooking, her head bowed down, and soon she gave him his plate of food.

As he ate the rare meat he noticed a long wisp of

straight black hair stuck to it. His wife's hair was short for she had had an illness that took her strength and she had cut it.

He held it out to her saying, "What is in my meat?" and she snatched it away, acting oddly angry. She said that she had combed another woman's long hair as she was coming home with the meat.

He did not ask her what woman; he did not know why he did not, but he felt very strange. His heart beat as if he were frightened. He could not, somehow, go on eating. He lay down and tried to pretend that he was asleep.

His wife lay beside him. She seemed very tired and was asleep quickly. When he saw that she really slept he raised himself on his elbow and looked at her in the light of the dying fire. He often used to look thus at her beauty.

Now he saw that there was fresh blood upon her mouth. . . .

He covered his eyes and lay down. He loved her so terribly that he could not make a move against her. . . .

But in the morning he could not look in her face, and he knew that she knew. That night she went away and never came back.

Against this *tjindak* no ordinary bullet is supposed to avail. A silver bullet is usually required or one of some special powers. Spears and knives seemed

to do the work but there were stories of these glancing harmlessly aside.

Tjindaks are said to have a ghoulish way of digging up buried bodies. As a matter of fact the wild pigs do that grewsome thing, but the natives credit it all to the were-tiger. A man has a very wretched time of it if he is unlucky enough to get the name among his neighbors of being a *tjindak*. The men of Korinchi, those splendid carriers that bear the coffee to the coast on their backs in sixty-pound loads, are said by the neighboring tribes to have the power of turning themselves into tigers.

All tigers are regarded by the natives as having supernatural powers and some even think they can read and write. An amusing story of this came from Panti.

The mail was carried by a porter who had a big brass plate on his belt as sign of his official position. One day, at a turn in the road, he found himself staring at a tiger. There he was, helpless, his sack on his back. He said afterwards that he was terrified, but he had the presence of mind to say seriously to the tiger, "Do not attack me. I am a government servant. Here is my brass plate." He was sure the beast recognized his official badge for it leaped aside at once.

Tigers are not always so tender of official servants for Lieutenant Thennissen had a European sergeant

with him killed near Tandjoeng Balit, between Pajakoemboch and Pangkalan Kota Baroch. The two men were going through the brush when the sergeant said suddenly, "Do not make jokes with me, my lieutenant."

The lieutenant plodded ahead, calling back, "I am not making any jokes," but there was no answer. Later he stopped and waited for his man to come up. He never came. A tiger had sprung and killed him —this in broad daylight.

It is said that the tiger will not attack except at night but all such generalizations are dangerous. It is the exception that makes the epitaph in all big game hunting. It is said, too, that the tiger will not attack unprovoked. . . . Yes, and a Congressman that votes wet won't take a drink. . . . We knew of a native who went to work in his fields about three o'clock in the afternoon and came face to face with a tiger. The tiger sprang, but the man had time to hold his knife out; the tiger's leap knocked it out of his hands. The beast's paws were on his shoulders when he managed to draw his dagger and stab it to the heart.

The government gave him twenty-five guilders as there was a bounty on tigers in that part of Achin and the native told the official, "If I could only kill one every day I would have a nice income!"

Another native was not so hardy. There were so

many tigers then on the road from Fort de Kock to Malalak that the government sent out patrols, but though the tiger actually followed the patrols they could not get him. One night they bivouacked in some little houses by the road and the owner of the houses was in the central house. Suddenly he heard the tiger stirring beneath the house, and he was so terrified that he could not utter a sound; he sat there, unable to get out a scream, while on each side of him the soldiers sat, staring out into the night for the tiger. Before sunrise the tiger went away.

Interesting as these stories were to us there was one thing about them that was disheartening—they were all in the past tense. They were all last month or last year or the year before that. What we wanted to hear was something that happened last night.

Finally, luck seemed to turn. Word came in that tigers had been prowling about a village back in the jungle, picking off small animals. Herbert and I plunged into our khaki, packed bags and took our guns and were off in a motor.

Our way led first to Lubeck Sikoping where we called on the Controleur of the district, the Controleur Boterhoven de Haan. He was a very likable, enthusiastic young man, stalwart and blue-eyed, and he offered us all the help in his power. All these officials, by the way, speak excellent English, for that is one of the requirements of their position.

He was not too optimistic about our chances but he said he had heard there were tigers about that village and certainly there were plenty in the jungles and that a bait ought to bring them in.

We motored on, taking a little road through the jungle, and before nightfall reached the village of Rau. There was a row of houses down the road, each with an unhappy chained monkey peering down at us; there was a small plaster mosque looking like an ornate birthday cake; there was a market square lined with more houses and the *pasangrahan* where we made ourselves at home.

The *damang* or chief came promptly to call upon us, a grave, intelligent-looking Malay dressed in blue serge trousers, a spotlessly laundered white duck coat, polished shoes and a felt hat. He carried a gun, with no ammunition, over his shoulder to show that he, too, was a sportsman.

We spent very little of our Malay upon polite formalities; we plunged at once into the heart of our interest. We had come to hunt a tiger. Were there any here?

"Tigers?" said the *damang*. "Yes, yes, there are tigers."

"Many?" said I, hopefully. I am the family interpreter as Herbert wastes little time upon the barriers of language.

"Umpat—lima," said the *damang*.

"He says there are four or five tigers," said I jubilantly to Herbert.

Herbert looked unconvinced by this mathematical display.

"What does he mean? They don't come in flocks. Are you sure he means tigers?"

"Didn't you hear me say *harimau?*" I retorted. "You know that means tiger."

"*Harimau—ada, ada,*" said the *damang,* which was clearly, "Tiger—yes, yes."

"Perhaps it's a pair and three cubs," said I, always ready to furnish explanations.

"Are you sure?" I asked the *damang.*

The *damang* was sure. He said he had counted them.

"He says he has counted them," said I.

"Do you mean he has really *seen* the birds?" Herbert's eyes were brightening.

"Have you seen them?" said I.

The *damang* nodded decisively.

"By George!" said Herbert. "We've come to the right shop at last."

"Have they done much harm?" I wanted to know.

The *damang* enumerated. "A calf, two dogs, three goats, seven chickens—yes, they had taken much. Too much. A family of pigs, too. That was the last."

"When had they taken the pigs?"

"Last week."

Things looked better and better. The tigers must be getting hungry again.

"Are they near?" I asked.

"Very near."

"Now?"

"Would you like to see them?" said the *damang*.

Would we like to see them! I had dashed visions of a trapped menagerie. I asked. The *damang* said no, they were not in a trap.

I turned to Herbert. "He says, 'Do we want to see them?' "

"Now?" said Herbert, incredulous. "Does he keep them on tap?"

"He seems to know where they are," I returned.

"We will come with you," I told the Malay.

"Oh, no," said he courteously. "You will remain here. I will fetch them."

He disappeared.

"What's he gone for?" said Herbert in surprise.

"He's gone to get the tigers."

Herbert looked at me. "Are they pet tigers?" he asked presently, in a strained voice.

We waited. Presently the *damang* returned, bearing four fresh tiger skins.

There had indeed been four tigers about the village. And they had eaten all the things the *damang* said that they had. After they had killed the pigs

the irate villages had gone out and poisoned the carcasses where they lay and the tigers had proceeded to eat again and poison themselves, all in the last few days.

If the village had only sent word to us! No good telling them now what gratitude and what rewards they had missed! We stared in silence at the skins.

They were beautiful skins, so deep in color that they were almost a rich orange. In two of them the stripes were very black. The older the animal the narrower and farther apart are the stripes. In very old tigers the stripes on the front part of the animal disappear entirely.

This tiger of Sumatra is marked differently from the Javanese. The Sumatran has more white on the undersurface, and the stripes are less continuous, even showing a tendency to form spots, not dots but circles. This tiger is smaller than the Bengal, but Mr. Ledeboer obtained some over three meters long, which is exceptionally large. These skins were all under that.

We began negotiations for buying them, wondering sadly if these were the only trophies of the tiger we were to obtain. But the *damang* was reassuring. The jungle was full of them, he said. Everywhere. All the time. There was no doubt but that if we put out a bait a tiger would take it.

Late that night the Controleur came hurrying out

to us to give orders to the *damang* so that the natives would leave nothing undone for us. We wanted bait put out and a place made for us to hide in on the following night, for we thought that if there was any chance of a tiger's coming, we might as well be on hand for the first meal.

So next day the *damang* and his men disappeared into the jungle to make a place ready and just before nightfall came and reported that everything was in readiness.

Out we started.

CHAPTER IX

JUNGLE NIGHTS

WE motored along a dirt road that could be described as being good for a Ford—the wonder was to have a road at all in the jungle, that a car could use. In front, beside the chauffeur, was a fat Malay in pajamas acting as guide and a little boy who knew three words less English than I did Malay who had appointed himself our interpreter.

We went on between green walls of jungle until we came to the beginning of a recently used trail. There we abandoned the car and took to our feet. We walked for some time; then the trail ended abruptly in a tiny glade.

There before us a black and white pony tied to a tree looked up at us dejectedly, a black and white goat munched unconcernedly by a bush, and at the base of a sapling two incredibly thin little black and white dogs pointed their sharp noses at us and barked furiously.

Facing this menagerie, by a tree, was a little platform fifteen feet up in the air, reached by a bamboo ladder. It had a floor of rough branches and a railing of bamboo and leaves for a screen. This was

what the natives had been making for us all day.

We had never hunted from a platform or tree in our lives; we had never even climbed a tree in moments of danger for there had never been a tree at hand that was climbable—nothing but thickets that would have bent with a bird's nest or giants whose branches began about eighty feet over our heads. We had met all our game on foot and all in the daytime, with the exception of three lions that had declined to be met by day.

But the jungle about was too dense for a hiding place from which we could hope to see, and we would be right in the tiger's way if he came; the natives said the tree was the only place. When you come to a country you have to play the game as you find it. In Africa we were on ground we knew and could use our own initiative but here we were amateurs, inexperienced, with everything to learn. So, with apologies to our standards, we accepted the platform.

But the pony! We wanted a cow to moo and they had brought us a poor little horse that looked as if it could not survive the night. It seemed to me that nothing but the most assiduous attention would keep that poor thing alive till morn. Undoubtedly the natives were hoping for its decease so they could charge it to us.

We detained the fat Malay in pajamas and remonstrated with him. We explained in fluent Eng-

lish and totally inadequate Malay what we wanted.

The Malay said that the *harimau,* the tiger, liked horses. We shook our heads. We said that horses did not make a noise to attract tigers. We mooed dramatically to show what we wanted.

"To-morrow," said the Malay, edging away into the shadows of the jungle.

"To-night," said I.

"Too late," said he, or words to that effect. He made a speech about the setting sun.

"Come," said I.

My blood was up. Leaving Herbert to guard the menagerie I dashed back to the car, with the fat Malay and the interpreting boy wasting their vocabularies trying to dissuade me. Hurriedly we motored back through the darkening jungle to the village.

There I sought the *damang* who had lately seen us off with wishes of good luck but the *damang* was not. "He has gone to the mosque to pray," said the interpreter in suddenly fluent English. I am sure it was a sentence from his school book.

"How long will he pray?" I wanted to know.

"Twenty minutes."

Twenty minutes was another phrase from the book. I had met it before and did not suspect it of any relation to fact.

Night was falling fast so I sent a delegation into the mosque to remove the *damang* from his prayers.

I waited outside in the car and the entire population of the place gathered round me. They seemed to be in a very ill humor and I gathered that they were extremely displeased with my attempted rejection of the poor horse. Probably they had laid out his death money mentally in tinned peaches and new batik.

At last the *damang* appeared and for a moment I hardly knew him. As soon as our departure had eased the social strain, he had abandoned his European clothes and shoes and was now comfortably barefoot in his native sarong and nothing else, but his manners were as serious and polite as ever.

The only word I knew for cattle was *lernboo,* and I used it lavishly. I hoped that it was a general term just meaning cattle, but I suspected that it was specific and that I was demanding definitely a bull. The agitation among the populace increased visibly and the *damang* seemed more than a bit upset.

If I had known the right word I would gladly have compromised on another size and sex but I didn't know any and I stuck to *lernboo.* I thought of asking for a "lady lernboo" but rejected that as too confusing. I said that I would wait in the car until a *lernboo* was brought me.

So I sat and waited and the shades of night drew round us. Something seemed to be happening at one end of the village and finally, out of the shadows,

there came down the road a huge bull, stalking majestically along, a lean figure in batik print holding the nose rope, another figure in print flapping a branch at the unhurrying hind legs.

It was the village bull all right, a prize animal, far too fine for tiger bait. Any tiger of sense would have thought three times before tackling that stalwart creature. But I had asked for a *lernboo* and a *lernboo* was produced, so off we went in formal procession, the car rocking ahead with long waits for the slow-paced bull. I had got what I wanted in one respect at least; that bull had a voice and he bellowed his disgust reverberatingly.

It was dark when we reached the jungle and confronted Herbert with the offering. He was amazed at its size and majesty. I could see he felt that something smaller might have been selected but I was not going to back down on my beast.

"He's the bellowing kind," I explained. "That's what you wanted."

"Why doesn't he bellow then?" said Herbert.

"He has been bellowing," said I. "He'll probably begin again as soon as he finds what's up."

The Malays were in a hurry to get back out of the jungle, so off they sped, handing over the nose rope, and Herbert proceeded to tie up an increasingly indignant bull. The beast was a little slow-witted about making up his mind whether to back or

plunge and Herbert had him tied before he took advantage of his opportunities. Hastily Herbert now lighted a small lamp.

We had been told by many people that tigers utterly disregarded lights and that a lamp would not keep them away. It was certainly essential to have a little light on our animals, as there was no moon and we could not see to shoot in the darkness. It did not sound very reasonable to us, since a tiger was so cautious about approaching anything out of the way, but if the inhabitants of Sumatra said so, they ought to know. So in a leafy thicket we arranged a tiny lamp that threw a pale ray upon the menagerie.

I was glad of the light for I wanted to kill the tiger the moment it appeared, before it had harmed the animals. I hated to use living bait. It is one thing to know that a tiger kills some living thing almost every night of its life, but it is another to have to see him do it.

The dogs, in particular, troubled me. I suppose that extinction is the happiest possible fate for any dog in a Mohammedan community but these dogs might have their own preferences. The community was not strictly Mohammedan or it would not have possessed dogs at all, but it did possess them and treated them with callous casualness. These little fellows were so starved that we handed over to them as a gesture of

apology more than half the food we had brought for our own supper, and they wolfed it down voraciously.

As we did these final things we were conscious of glancing furtively over our shoulders into the blackening caverns of shadows, then we scrambled up the ladder and took our places upon the platform. We crouched side by side, looking down upon the menagerie upon which the lamp threw a faint finger of light. We rested our guns on a bit of sapling at the edge of the platform, and settled down to a night of motionless waiting.

The men who had made this platform had told us that they had seen tiger tracks very near in the forest, so we had some degree of hope to sustain us. If there was a tiger anywhere about and that bull let out one of his bellows the tiger could not possibly remain in ignorance of the whereabouts of a possible meal. He might come to investigate and if he judged the bull too huge to tackle he could pick on the goat or the dogs. It seemed to me that we were catering to every possible taste.

All about us the jungle began waking to its nocturnal life. Its stillness was the stillness of furtive, watchful things, intent and careful. . . . The listening ear caught the infinite detail of the small, hushed noises on which the stillness pressed . . . faint rustlings . . . the slithering of a serpent passing . . . the springing release of a bough . . . the

whirring of a bat's wings. The air vibrated to the high, thin tremolo of insects. . . . Now and then, from the depths of the forest, came some coughing grunt.

It was black as a bat's cave save for the pale flare that touched the outlines of the bull. Our clearing was so tiny that we felt as if we were at the bottom of a well, dark walls about us and pale green sky overhead. Eagerly we waited for the stars.

Below us, the little dogs, full of our suppers, curled up into a cozy nest of fern and went to sleep. The goat settled down philosophically and the bull stood silent, meditating on his wrongs.

Why, he seemed to ask, was he here in this dank, lonely jungle, instead of in his nice thatched house at home? We waited for him to ask aloud; when he began pawing and lowering his head we quivered hopefully.

But every instinct in him told him that this was not the place to remonstrate. He checked his pawing midway; his snort softened into a sigh and silence. He was as silent as the grave; as a whole cemetery of graves.

For this contingency Herbert had thoughtfully arranged a cord tied to one of his ears, hoping that a jerk would annoy his irascible temperament into expostulation, and now, cautiously, experimentally, he pulled it.

The bull lunged with a crash that threatened to devastate the place; I thought the rope had snapped. We did not dare another tweak. One more such rush and we would be without our precious *lernboo.*

Vainly we longed for just one of those bellows that he had squandered so recklessly upon the way; but not a sound came out of him except, after a time, a slow, rhythmic breathing.

The stars had not come but the mosquitoes were there, methodic, insistent, and we tried to crush them softly and quietly so as not to make any noise to betray our presence.

My knees had begun promptly to feel the irregular pressure of the boughs beneath them and I yearned to relax and settle back, but there was always the deterring thought that the very next moment might be the one when the striped face would peer out of thickets and the lithe, sinewy form steal near. . . . We hadn't come there to waste a moment's chance. . . .

Darkness and nothingness. Hours of it, in silence and mosquitoes. The night clouded. Rain poured down in torrential outbursts. We got our guns under our raincoats and kept them dry while the floods washed over us.

It seemed to rain forever. I surmised that tigers did not hunt in the rain and I thought enviously of our elusive Peter Pan curled up comfortably in some

dry retreat. I began to feel genuinely murderous-minded towards him for being the cause of all this discomfort of ours—but for him I should never have been roosting up a tree in a Malay jungle, drenched by rain and stung by mosquitoes, my knees cut through by sharp branches, my bones stiff with cramp.

The downpour ceased and we got our guns in position again and tried cautiously to stretch our aching limbs without making the *mechan* rattle. Grimly we continued the vigil.

The stars were out now, sending a soft radiance down into our tiny pocket of a world. . . . The ants were out, too, crawling up in joyous procession, and though I slaughtered armies of them I was pitifully outnumbered. They came up on my side of the platform, on the tree which formed one of its supports, but from certain spasmodic movements on Herbert's part I judged that he, too, was not being neglected.

It seemed to me that the night would never end. But I was determined to hold out. . . . At last I felt that it must be over. Surely morning must be about to dawn! The night watch had been in vain—but at least it was done.

Cautiously I edged my wrist watch out from the cuff, where it had been hidden to keep its phosporescence from winking down a warning of our presence, and studied the dial.

It was half-past eight.

It did not seem possible that so much human agony had all happened in two hours and a half.

The glorious night was all ahead of me. . . . For comfort I hugged the thought that a tiger *might* come in. Draggingly the hours passed. If we could have stretched out in comfort we would have delighted in the mystery and strangeness of the night, for even as it was we felt the somber spell.

Sometimes a tree rustled; sometimes a bush. Often we heard things stirring, not far away in the dark, a wild pig, perhaps, snuffling for roots, or a little black bear or a wary deer. There was a time when the feeling gained on us that a tiger was near. We smelt that exciting, unmistakable animal smell. . . .

The bull began to breathe heavily and drew back to the end of his tether, while the goat got to his feet and stood motionless. . . . The moment passed uneventfully.

For the most part those animals over whom we kept such vigil slept calmly. The little dogs were the noisiest of the party for their supper was evidently too much for their digestions and they dreamed and whined and whimpered in endless nightmares. I could wish that I had kept more of that food for myself.

The lamp waned and died; so did, at last, our hope. Came, as it were, the dawn, and, at its breaking,

we clambered stiffly down the bamboo ladder almost as a file of natives came streaming out from the jungle trail, full of hope, for they thought that they had heard shots in the night.

Back at the resthouse we consumed some unsalted rice for breakfast and I had just had a bath—one of the stand-up-throw-cold-water-over-yourself baths of the Indies—and Herbert was preparing to take one, and we were looking forward to a good long rest, when an excited lot of Malays came streaming in to tell us that there was a tiger asleep by a tree.

It seemed incredible. But the *damang* insisted. "Tiger by tree," he repeated. And then, "Sleeping."

"More skins?" said Herbert suspiciously.

I hunted up in my book the Malay for "living" and said "Tiger living?" about ten times and the entire assemblage chorused assent.

He was two hours away, they said. They had seen him at dawn as they went into the fields to work.

It did seem possible that they had glimpsed a living tiger asleep under a tree, and it was also possible that the tiger was still there. They had left a man on watch, and, anyway, there would be the tracks, the chance of a real hunt. This looked like old times in Africa. We shouldered our guns and set out hurriedly after the guides.

They led us through rice fields, through light

forest and denser forest, then through more rice fields and the clearings of a little jungle settlement. It took considerably more than two hours, even at the rate we were hurrying. Then we crossed some lovely meadows.

Some men and boys were gathered here and at our approach they pointed to a clump of trees standing by themselves out from the encircling forest.

We looked with all our eyes; they pointed up and we looked up and saw a rope of long black tail dangling down from a high branch.

"Harimau," they breathed. *"Harimau dahan."*

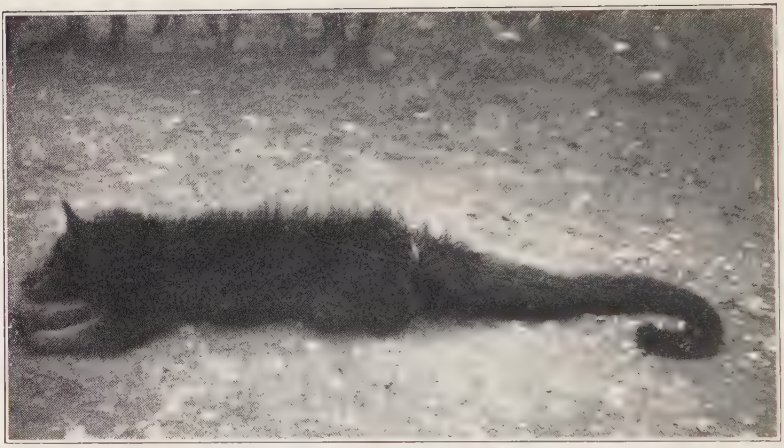
Tree tiger. What on earth might that be? We knew now it was no striped tiger, but it might be a panther for there are panthers in these jungles. The normal color is yellow but there are some black ones.

We had no particular passion for shooting a black panther. I think I was too fond of *Baghcera* to enjoy molesting his tribe, but we had no choice, for since the natives had taken this trouble it would never do to be indifferent. They would not understand and their interest in helping us to tigers would suffer a slump. So we stole forward, picking our way through the marshy clumps of the meadow, the flock of Malays trailing us expectantly.

As we neared the trees we could see the bulge of a dark body on the limb, half hidden by leaves. It did not look big enough for a panther but whatever

THE "RAFFLESIA ARNOLDI"— THE WORLD'S LARGEST FLOWER

MALAY TYPES



THE BINTURONG

THE BUFFALO AT EASE

it was we had to shoot it, so we both fired together. The beast dropped, dead as a stone.

It was no panther. It was a queer, black, furry beast with a long tail whose identity puzzled us. Later we found it was a binturong, a very rare animal indeed, and the skin we brought back we gave to the Field Museum for study purposes.

The Malays were so jubilant that we thought they wanted the flesh to eat, but no, their pleasure was mainly in the event, and was quite disproportionate to anything that we felt. They made an absurd procession of triumph all the way back to the village. Perversely we bore the luckless creature a grudge for ruining our sleep and giving Herbert an unwelcome job of skinning on our return.

However we found a little tin of peaches at a trader's shop and that sweetened us, and we snatched a couple of hours of sleep before we sallied forth in the afternoon for another night of jungle vigil. The natives assured us that they had found fresh tiger tracks not far from our little clearing.

We took a cow this time but it gave us no more moos than our bull had bellows, and no tiger came in. The mosquitoes did but not the rain. We were so tired that we dozed on our knees, our guns in our hands.

There was one lovely moment when a deer stood suddenly below us in the soft lamplight. Wonder-

ingly the startled creature looked at the light and at the unexpected cow. It was as beautiful and innocent looking as the White Unicorn in the tapestries. Then it was gone.

As we plodded back through the jungle next day we began to feel that the villagers had poisoned every tiger in the neighborhood. We were sure that we should never see a tiger. I said so, passionately.

And then I saw one.

A Malay was beckoning me mysteriously aside. As we stepped after him he stooped and with a long stick lifted a covering from a cage upon the ground. In the cage I saw the forlorn and frightened little fury—a tiny tiger kitten that was just a handful of striped fur, already sticking to its ribs with hunger and thirst. Its eyes were wild with terror.

Triumphantly he poked it with a stick, and it went mad with rage and fear, spitting and clawing at the bars. . . .

I offer no defense. I know that starving little tiger kittens grow up into big, well-fed tigers. I know that helpless little furry babies outgrow their helplessness. . . . This little thing did not look as if it had much of a chance for its life in the jungles but any wild fate that overtook it there was better than the starvation of its captivity and the brutality of its tormentors.

I had to wait till the Malay was out of sight. . . .

Then one had to be careful about cutting the sticks of the cage. . . . The only wild tiger that I had ever seen in the Sumatran jungles fled like a streak of light. Peter Pan had come and gone.

"When you are quite grown up," I said severely, to cover my shame, "I will come back and put you out of harm's way."

I suspect he was of the brood whose mother had been poisoned by the pigs.

We decided that these fields had been too thoroughly gleaned for us to waste more time in them, as we had so little time now to waste, so we paid our bills, declined any extra charges for a cough the bull was reported to have contracted, put our purchased skins into the motor with us and journeyed back to Fort de Kock.

When we arrived that night we learned that a huge tiger had been trapped at Pangkalan Kota Baroch, where the dogs had been stolen, where Herbert and Arthur had spent those days in vain. He had been caught the day after they left.

CHAPTER X

ON OUR WAY

THERE are other beasts than tigers in the forests of Sumatra; there are elephant, smaller and smaller-tusked than the African ones; rhinoceros and tapir, but we had only friendly feelings for them. There are wild pig, the rare and noisy white, and the common and silent black, but we did not yearn for what an official's English called "mad pork." There are crocodiles sixteen feet long if you care for crocodiles. There are little black bears, but though the Malay bear is a rare trophy we were not pursuing bears. We had already unwittingly achieved a binturong.

There are apes, great *orang outangs,* thought to be of the same species as those of Borneo but of a different family. The natives' stories about them are more amazing than any actual encounters can prove. The natives call them *orang pandak,* the short man, and *orang gadang,* the big man, and insist that the big man speaks Malay.

One native told how an ape came up to him in the rice fields and asked for tobacco; he gave it and the ape chewed. Another Malay said that he and a man

were out in the wood when an *orang pandak* came up and pulled at them as if trying to carry them off; the Malay lighted a cigarette and the match so frightened the ape that it ran away.

Several white men have seen these apes, which they reported larger than the known orang outang, and last year the Royal Geographical Society of the Netherlands moved to send out an expedition, but the Netherlands Government said that if this were to be done the government would do it. It was understood that the Assistant Resident at Palembang got an order, but so far any researches have been postponed.

We were diverted by the stories of the ape but not by the ape itself. What we wanted was a tiger and we seemed no nearer to that than before. We had tried all the ways there were of not getting a tiger and we began to feel sure that something was wrong with our system. It would take a tremendous amount of time and patience, we saw, to succeed in Sumatra. We had finished the other things we had come for and now the tiger was holding up the expedition.

We decided to try for tiger elsewhere. Our Chicago friends, the Charles Barney Goodspeeds, had told us that tigers were to be found on the way to Angkor Vat, in Indo-China, where we were going, and we concluded to wait and try our luck there.

It was not easy to decide to leave Fort de Kock,

but leave we did, with a last flurry of farewells and last minutes of more cloth of gold buying.

There is a train to Padang on the coast, and we took it in a misplaced thrift, in a reaction from our lavish rental of a hundred cows each night; the distance is 112 kilometers, and the motors make it in something over two hours while the train takes five. Moreover the train has rigid-seated little compartments, utterly innocent of the cushions and comforts of our African and Indian trains.

Our compartment had a sign which said "10 personnen." I did not believe it, contemplating the compartment, but the sign was right—eleven of us were crowded in and sat stiffly through the hot hours. At Herbert's feet lay a canvas bag in which reposed the yet moist and salty skin of the binturong, Gladys, as we called her, and Gladys was so much with us that we ought to have counted her the twelfth.

The compartment was arranged with three rows of seats on one side, which made three seats by windows; the other side had a long bench with its back to the window. We were the first in it, so we could have monopolized the window seats but when two English ladies entered we nobly moved so that they could have one window seat and the seat next it. Later Herbert went out to see to some luggage, whereupon one lady skipped nimbly across and took his window seat.

She was absorbedly reading when he returned, but no literary trance could maintain itself against the icy penetration of his voice. His Scotch blood was stirred and he asked her to move. "I will have to ask you to give me my seat," he said, thus implying the compulsion of his inner sense of justice. She moved, and there ensued conversation betwixt the ladies anent traveling manners which added to the general atmosphere of the compartment.

The scenery, however, was magnificent, and the five hours would have been none too long if they could have been spent in comfort.

We reached Padang at two, and having telephoned the Hotel Oranji to send for us, we were about to step into the waiting motor when the English ladies hopped defiantly into it and exhorted the driver to drive on. He seemed reluctant but they were insistent that it was their car, so we made use of a pony cart, which the six of us filled rather full, and arrived at the hotel in time to hear the management, in the ladies' presence, berating the chauffeur for not having brought the right party. The traveling ladies had made no arrangement at all. Their luggage was labeled for the same boat on which we were embarking and we hoped, fervently, that they would not take a fancy to any of our staterooms.

Padang was a pleasant, sprawling town and the Hotel Oranji delightful. When the business of lug-

gage and tickets had been seen to, we went with Mr. Mahlmann, the Hagenbeck representative, to see the menagerie of captive animals awaiting embarkment. Mr. Mahlmann and Mr. Ebert were so pleased with the collection and so kind in their attentions, that I did not like them to know how it depressed me to see all those caged creatures, doomed to cramped quarters for the rest of their lives.

There were myriads of monkeys in cages and there was one little escaped monkey, a pig-tailed one, hopping about on the distant roofs. He looked so jolly in his freedom that I wanted to shout and warn him when Mr. Ebert said that he would ultimately be caught—that some day he would yield to the lure of food and go into a cage after it. Carl Akeley once told me that of every twelve monkeys shipped to America only one lived to reach its destination.

However, the Hagenbeck monkeys were going to have a great deal better treatment than the tame ones the natives chained to poles and trained to climb trees for coconuts.

The excitement at the Hagenbeck zoo was over the tigers. There were eleven of them that had all been caught in the last three months, the result of thirty-three traps set out. They had many of them been caught in the very places where we had put out our unavailing bait.

Eleven wild tigers, the biggest of them as big as

Bengal tigers, glared and snarled at us in their row of cages. At the end of the line was the one that had been caught at Pangkalan Kota Baroch—the one Herbert and Arthur had gone after.

Arthur and Harry Bigelow had already seen it when it was being brought through Fort de Kock, wrapped in the wire netting in which the natives conveyed it, and they had given us a vivid impression of its wild fury, but no words in the world can do justice to the savage rage of that great beast, mad with its own helplessness. Its head was still bleeding from wire cuts; its eyes were wild gleams of menace and it snarled and roared till I thought its throat would split. It lunged forward, when I went too near the cage, biting furiously at the bars, and I had to move farther back to keep it from breaking its teeth on the iron in its fury. Oh, if it could get out—if it could get out—every move of that tiger was saying to us—what blood it would taste—what flesh would rip before its claws!

I was horribly sorry for it. Sorrier than for my piteous weak kitten, though I should not have let this beast go. I would have killed it with a merciful quick shot. I hated to think of that wild strength caged and cowed, that magnificent bold pride battered down to sullenness.

Captivity may be all right for those born to it, though even we city dwellers know the cravings for

the old, lost wilds, but it is an agony too cruel for the beast who has known freedom. Until cages are larger, there is no excuse for them in anything that calls itself civilization, and until the world ceases to consider the pain-taught tricks of wild animals entertaining, there will always be an element of pity darkening the joys of the dear-loved circus. Performing seals are a great comfort to me. I am sure that only their desire for fish constrains them and not punishment.

"Do you still think you want to take on this fellow?" Harry Bigelow was asking, through the reverberating roars.

I was surer than ever, but none too hopeful that I would ever have the chance. As I came away from that cage of fury I was afraid that I was looking my last upon a wild tiger.

We embarked next morning on the *Boeta Van de Steele,* with all of official Padang at the dock, bands playing, flags flying and the deck of the boat embellished with huge baskets of tropical flowers, wreaths, sprays and set pieces.

Not in our honor. The Colonel Smits and his wife were leaving for Holland and the leave-taking was such as to banish forever any antiquated notions from my Protestant textbooks of the overserious character of the Dutch. It was a magnificently hearty farewell. Such singing! Such cheering! Cham-

pagne was served—this at nine in the morning—and the sailors had free beer.

A lazy day of steaming past a romantically wooded coast line, with glimpses of craggy, forested glens, gave way to night, and next morning's sun showed us a flat green coast with a sandy beach, a palm-fringed point and a collection of tin roofs, that was the town of Bencoollen, near the point.

Two more warm and languid days and by noon of the third we were anchored by the long jetties of Batavia, the capital of Java, a busy place of some sixteen thousand folk. The Hotel des Indes was a huge affair, with colonnaded pavilions of separate buildings and endless rows of sleeping rooms with private verandas in front—and in back—and private bathrooms. By now I had become so wonted to the East Indies way of bathing, that is, standing up and dashing first hot soapy water and then cold rinsing water over yourself, that I had grown to feel that our way of sitting in a tub with the wash water lacked a certain delicate cleanliness.

No hotel in the world is as delightful as a good tropic hotel and its space and privacy and independence spoil one for the confines of all the others. We settled down pleasantly at the Hotel des Indes, with Gladys chummily stretched on the veranda back of our room—but Gladys was an influence that was not restricted to our own veranda. The back of our

entire block became permeated with a flavor of moist and salty binturong, but, as Herbert said, Gladys had to dry somewhere.

Batavia gave the same well-ordered prosperous feeling of Dutch enterprise that had Medan; there were excellent Continental shops; there was even a dry-cleaning establishment. There was a tram line that ran down one side of the main thoroughfare and a wide canal that ran down the other side. I can well believe that the Javanese of Batavia—the whites, too, for that matter—cannot conceive of life without the convenience of a canal in front of the door.

When the whim took them to wash the family sheets or the clothes or themselves all they had to do was to nip out the front door and down the stone steps into the waiting water. The place was like a tank full of seals, very chatty seals, gossiping and splashing. One laundry company quite filled a bend in the canal.

There are three things that one should never leave Batavia without seeing: the skull of Peter Eberfeldt above the grim tablet to his "accursed memory" on the wall over the field where, two hundred and three years ago, the Dutch interred his rebel bones and sowed the place with salt so that no living blade should grow; the old cannon of miraculous power where childless wives go to make their prayers, offering them in the visible form of paper flowers so the

THE HORIZON IN JAVA IS EDGED WITH VOLCANOES

THE CANAL AT BATAVIA IS A PUBLIC BATH TUB

THE TRAVELING KITCHEN SOLVES THE HOUSEWIFE'S PROBLEM

THE SACRED CANNON BLOOMS WITH PAPER PRAYERS

magic cannon is buried deep in the fluttering, bright-colored bloom, transient as hope; and the statues in the city gate by the cannon.

There may be worse statues in the world but I do not believe it. Gigantic black iron monstrosities—Mars and Flora, bulging with muscles, bursting with calves and bosoms, popping with eyes like lobsters. A little white paint on the projection of the eyes adds the last nightmarish touch. When I saw them I felt the way the farmer did on beholding the circus giraffe—"Hell, there ain't no such animal!" As a symbol of western art in an island that had erected Borobudur with its delicate reliefs and subtle, smiling Buddhas—well, it gives the Buddhas something to smile over!

The sight of those two images reminded me of that room of incredible western paintings, chiefly of robust gods and florid goddesses, in the Bombay gallery, through which bewildered Orientals stalk and then seek silence in the tiny room reserved for the exquisite miniatures of Persia!

Batavia was the new Java; Djocjakarta, to which a train conveyed us after ten hot, dirty and sticky hours behind a coal-burning engine that appeared to have a good deal of dyspepsia over its coal, still holds the old Java.

The native town was a maze of lanes and canals, bordered by matting houses with roofs of thatch and

tile, never by iron as in Sumatra, full of busy, brown-skinned folk, bright with batik. We liked to stroll there at dusk when the itinerant cook made his rounds, his traveling kitchen on his shoulders, and the housewives gathered about to buy the evening meal of rice and savories.

We saw the sultan riding one day on his big, broad-backed horse; he was barelegged, in a brown sarong, a white blouse and a brown cap. He had a suave, aristocratic face that seemed to savor what was left of his position.

A man on a bicycle rode ahead of him to clear the way and twenty-three others on horses followed in his train, in order, apparently, of the appearance of the horses, the large, prancing mounts first, the little merry-go-round ponies at the end.

Even a hundred years ago it was a matter of power to be sultan of Djocjakarta, but when the fortunes of the last great Javanese prince, Dipa Negara, finally went down before the Dutch, and the Javanese Empire was obliterated, then the position of the sultans of Djocjakarta and of Surakarta shrank yearly to their present business of being supervised figureheads.

We did not seek an audience; we contented ourselves with an unofficial visit to the palace where the white marble was being effortlessly polished by countless hundreds of children—possibly the five hundred

children of the two hundred wives of the last sultan. Or did he have five hundred wives and two hundred children? I forget. So, probably, did he.

One thing is always to be found in all these palaces of brown-skinned royalty, from the grass and mud erections of Africa, to the inlaid drawing rooms of Indian maharajahs and the marble and plaster of the Javanese sultan—the framed photograph of the white crowned head, autographed with much affection.

In Africa, in the palace of King Daudi on Mengo Hill in Uganda, it had been the pictures of King George and Queen Mary that we saw; in India, those were flanked by King Edward and often by Queen Victoria; now it was the picture of the good Queen Wilhelmina of the Netherlands.

We wondered what republics did about this to their dusky potentates. What, for instance, were we giving the headmen of the Philippines—pictures of presidents? Or "Washington Crossing the Delaware" or "The Spirit of Seventy-Six"? On reflection, no.

Java is the land of batik. But the old true batik is vanishing from use, except among the very wealthy. The old stuff was made on fine cotton cloth, the pattern traced by wax and then the various spaces filled with wax, except the ones for the first dye color. After one color of dye is put on, it is covered with

wax and the spaces for the next dye color cleared. As this has to be done on both sides of the cloth and as the old patterns are of intricate detail the work is exceedingly tedious and slow.

Now the markets are piled with a batik that is dyed in the true way but from patterns stamped on in blocks—a process that can be detected through the repetition of design and the exactness of the detail—and with goods that are not dyed at all, but printed in batik patterns and colors and then immersed in wax to give them the right feeling and effect. And aniline dyes are making their way here, as in Africa with the basket-weaving, though no color can ever replace the true indigo in the affections of the Javanese.

There are art guilds that keep the old industries alive and sell very beautiful new batik made for them, and some old pieces that they have secured, but the finest pieces of old batik that we found we bought from the persons of the countrywomen who came in to the bazaars in the native towns, or from pawnshops where unreclaimed old heirlooms are cleared off every so often.

Our greatest find, however, was a heaven-directed accident. One Sunday afternoon, on the main avenue of the city, we saw a Javanese gentleman strolling towards us. He was wearing what a well-dressed Javanese wears on Sunday afternoon when he wishes

to impress the world—a tailored coat of striped duck with a fountain pen in the pocket, a sarong, a felt hat. Dozens of other Javanese gentlemen, similarly attired, were on the street, but never had we seen such a sarong. The most engaging animals paraded ludicrously about it.

"Buy it!" I begged of Harry Bigelow whose Malay was the most fluent of the lot. I added, goadingly, "I bought the skirt off the old lady in Sumatra."

"Because you bought the skirt off a countrywoman must I buy the pants off a gentleman?" he demanded.

But he, too, was looking at that sarong.

Then, bravely, he walked ahead and met the oncoming gentleman. He accosted him. The Javanese paused politely, clearly thinking he was about to be requested for some direction—then, as H. Bigelow's Malay made itself heard an expression of dazed incredulity spread over the dark gentleman's face. He looked down at his sarong. He looked about him. . . . The passing natives stopped and listened and laughed. Groups gathered miraculously from the market place.

The Javanese protested, grinned, argued, then began to listen to the terms which H. Bigelow was urging upon him. Then I saw him making off, arm in arm with a friend who had joined him, and Harry came back.

"Didn't you get it?" I demanded in anguish.

"He has gone to take it off," said Harry coldly, though his color was a trifle warm. "Would you have him disrobe in the middle of the boulevard?"

I certainly would, for I suffered all the qualms of doubt and suspense, as we proceeded to wait, the center of a large, amused circle of humorous-minded natives. But our gentleman had not deceived us. In about fifteen minutes he was back, the coveted sarong folded in his hands, and another, more beautiful than the first, wrapped about his slender hips.

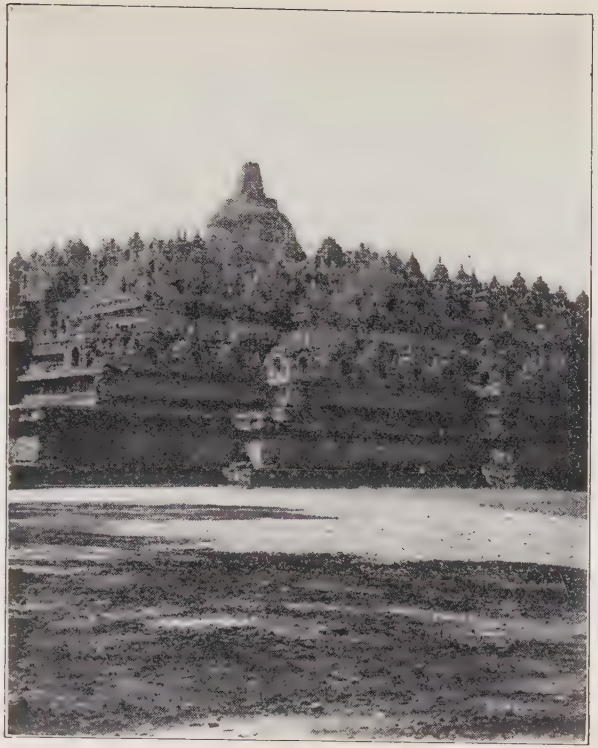
"Oh, buy that!" I whispered.

"Go to the devil!" said H. Bigelow and marched us off.

Herbert had no such luck in one encounter of his. I had a rendezvous with him on a corner, intending to explore a certain Chinese street in the town, but when we met he suggested hastily that we go and buy some brass or some jewelry or some rice *tafel*—his suggestions seemed a little random. He appeared to have lost all interest in the Chinese quarter.

But I had not and, scorning diversion, I turned into it. I thought the place appeared unduly crowded, and as we neared it, I saw it was swarming like a hive of bees. Herbert, who had dropped a little behind, now stopped me definitely.

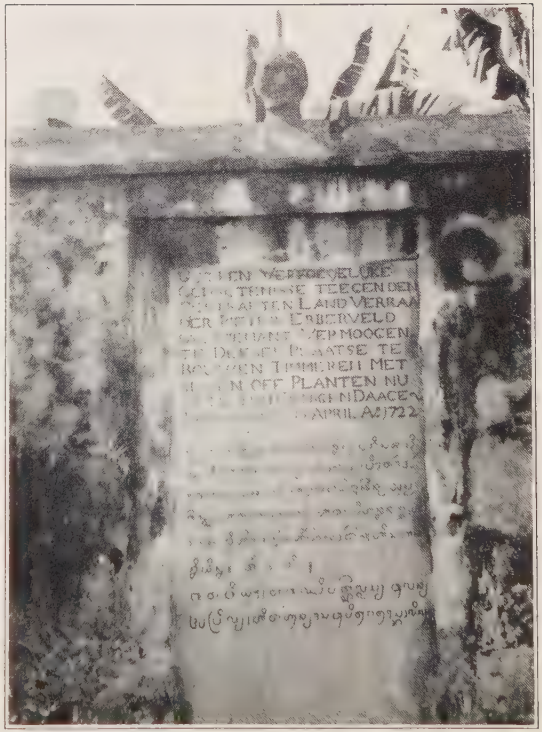
He revealed that, arriving early at the rendezvous, he had made an excursion of his own through the place and seeing a young girl in a charming Chinese



BOROBUDUR IS A MOUNTAIN OF STONE

HARRY BIGELOW BUYING THE SARONG FROM AN EMBARRASSED JAVANESE GENTLEMAN

MARS IN JAVA



TO THE "ACCURSED" MEMORY OF PETER EBERFELDT

jacket he had thought to buy that from her. The only Malay of commerce he knew was *"Ini barapa* —how much?" and he had applied this vigorously, putting what he thought was an illustrative hand upon the girl's shoulder.

However, the mother had mistaken the direction of his inquiry and a great deal of confusion and conversation had ensued from which Herbert had prudently and abruptly withdrawn. The girl, he reported, was the only unperturbed one in the place. He thought she seemed a little disappointed at the outcome.

Borobudur is the largest and finest of all the Hindu temples in Java, and is so accessible from Djocjakarta that it is a constant place of picnics. We motored out one Sunday morning for two hours, on wide roads picturesquely edged with cloud-streaming volcanoes and filled with a constant succession of market-going natives. After the wide open spaces of Sumatra Java appeared to be brimming with people—and was so, for only a million out of its twenty-six millions are concentrated in the towns. The country in these parts is a succession of dessas or villages each in its own cultivated area, and rice fields and bamboo houses are always in the foreground of the picture with green mountains on the horizon.

Out of the winding road our motor suddenly made a pretentious dash of speed to the doorway of a little

inn, then stopped with the abruptness which native chauffeurs apply to machinery. The manner is a hold-over, I fancy, from their horsemanship—they step on the gas and then jam on the brakes as they used to dig in the spurs, then draw in the curb. As soon as we could lift our necks we looked out and saw a great gray pile of stone rising in terraces to a peak against the sky—Borobudur itself.

Borobudur is not a temple in the generally accepted use of the word; it is a great sculptured hill, about a hundred and fifty feet high, each level a more or less square terrace, edged with sculpture and walled, on the inner side, with extraordinarily fine bas-reliefs of all the things of earth and heaven. You begin with the things of earth, on the first level, with landscapes and hunting scenes and pictures of quaintly intimate domestic detail, then, as you ascend, you reach the representations of the heavenly subjects, until, instructed and enlightened, by the complete picture Bible of the Mâhâyana creed, you climb into the very presence of Buddha himself, serene on the sun-flooded heights.

This presence is represented with an infinite number of statues, a row of them in the cagelike shrines that have been given the irreverent name of "Buddha in the bathtub." An enthusiastic old Dutch scholar whom we encountered walked us miles showing us over and over again, the difference in the attitudes,

the Buddha of the East with the right hand touching the earth in front of the right knee ("I swear by the earth"), the Buddha of the South with the right hand upwards ("I give you all"), the Buddha of the North with the right hand palm outwards ("Fear not, all is well"), and the Buddha of the West with the right hand resting palm upwards on the left in the attitude of meditation.

An American marine, who had oddly mistaken this place as a jolly excursion for a leave, tried to make company with us for a while, listening to the savant's enthusiasm, then he softly withdrew himself, remarking confidentially but audibly, "This place is lousy with Buddhas."

It was certainly something or other with people. There were tourist folk being photographed beside the laughing dog, and enamored couples in the niches, and Javanese family parties pursuing their young down the walled terraces. It lacked the solitude to engender the deep emotion which its sculpture merited; the old sacred shrine was overrun by casual, inattentive aliens, enjoying vaguely its amazing images and bas-reliefs, its fine perspectives, deep shadows and bright sun.

A European-Asiatic—which is another term for Eurasian—Conference was being held at Djockjakarta, and the hotel was filled with delegates. There were representatives from China, from Japan, from

all the Malay Archipelago. It was an important thing politically, destined to grow more so, and as I watched those pale-yellow men in their tropic white I wondered about all the unknown personal stories, casual or tragic, that had started all those thousands of different strains and been responsible for these lives now finding adjustment through their very numbers. . . . Some Japanese wives, in their pretty kimonos, simply could not accustom themselves to walking beside their husbands and used to trot demurely behind them, the little clogs following in the yellow-Oxford footprints of the men.

Java was only an incident in our voyaging and in no time at all, it seemed, we were off again, from Batavia, on a Dutch boat full of Hollanders returning to Europe who were being given another of those operatic farewells—flowers, champagne, songs and cheers—that make our American departures now seem in comparison mere drab and dreary rites.

The *Slamat* was a fine big boat; the sea a painted ocean. We sailed with a fringe of islands on one horizon and a flat, green Sumatra on the other. Sumatra's southwestern coast is full of charm, with hints of mystery and romantic wanderings in its inaccessible heights but this was as flat as the side a dull woman turns to you after marriage.

At night the Southern Cross blazed out, its lowest point reaching towards Alpha Centauri, the star

nearest to earth. We could see Canopus, blue as a zircon, the brightest star in the southern hemisphere, Sirius, brightest of all, and Betelgeuse, measured by Michelson of our own University of Chicago, its twenty thousand light years' spaces gleaming in a tiny wink of brilliance.

Two days from Batavia brought us to Singapore, its great harbor as full of masts as a forest of trees, and after two days of Singapore we were off again on a boat of the Messagerie Maritime, bound for Indo-China. This ship was full of French officials and their wives returning from their vacations in France, and after a look a the slim, chic little Frenchwomen, with their new Paris frocks and short skirts, Miss Williams and I took another look at the year-old costumes of ours that had seemed so adequate in the Belgian, British and Dutch frontiers, and dashed to our cabins and began turning up hems for dear life.

None too soon. Two days after Singapore we were steaming up forty-five miles of wide and twisting river, past watery rice fields and submerged palms, with occasional glimpses of flat gray tributaries stealing in, past reaches of scrub jungle, to dock ultimately at the capital of Indo-China, its largest and liveliest city, Saigon, the "Paris of of the Orient."

CHAPTER XI

INDO-CHINA

THE much vaunted Parisian quality of Saigon began to demonstrate itself instantly in the vivacious groups of French who were welcoming their returned compatriots, smartly frocked women with the shortest of skirts, the *chic*est of hats and the reddest of lips, and bearded Frenchmen in white ducks, waving canes and *casques,* and joyously embracing the regained ones.

We dodged the oblivious groups, the files of Chinese coolies who wound their way about, shouldering the ship's luggage, the dogs that ran in and out their masters' legs and canes and the ricksha boys that wheeled their vehicles as near the passengers as possible, shrieking for fares and being shrieked at, and went to find more Europe in the aspect of wide, well laid out streets and large white buildings.

All along the rue Catinat, between the Hindu curio shops and the Annamite lace shops and the money changers and the tobacconists were little shops that might have been anywhere in Paris: jewelers' shops, where there were offered for sale diamonds and jade and *perles veritables,* all the *bijoux* that the

Frenchwoman and the others of us love so much; *petits magasins* where Paris frocks and hats from the good houses were to be had at less than Paris prices to Americans, for these were priced for French Colonials; *patisseries* and cafés and—a square away —a department store with really lovely things.

On the big, noisy *Place,* vibrant with the racket of clogs on cobblestones, with the chant-like calls of itinerant vendors, with the screech of the whistle of the little steam tram, with the shouts of the cab drivers, the ricksha boys and the water carriers, an ornate French Opera House seemed fairly to tower, its placards announcing a recent French comedy. Farther on was an unhappily conspicuous red-brick cathedral, surely the least agreeable looking cathedral in the world, but nevertheless a cathedral, maintaining the European aspect of things.

The Paris of the Orient, indeed! Rangoon has its pagodas, Kyoto its temples, Hongkong its harbor, but they say that when a Frenchman dies in the East, his soul flies straight to Saigon, and sits out on the rue Catinat, at one of the little tables under the striped awnings, and sips *apéritifs* and watches the world go by.

A motley world it is. Annamites and Malays, suave Hindus and broad-faced, humorous Chinese minding their own industrious business, and a sprinkling of white-clad French Colonials.

There are seventeen million people in French Indo-China, seventeen thousand of them French. Eighty per cent of the population is Annamite, the rest, for the most part, Cambodians, Laotians, Chams and Mois, who are the primitives of the land, the savage tribes of the interior, though their savagery is a harmless sort of simplicity compared to the early blood-letting of the Annamites and the present-day money lending of the Chinese.

Saigon swarmed with types, not all of the East. Here and there one caught a glimpse of strange derelicts, the white, painted face of some desperate-eyed woman of Europe slinking down a side street with fox-faced, swarthy-skinned men, or sitting brazenly at a little table, sipping *bière* with some man of the sojourning type. There was a girl I used to see, a silver blond with blackened lashes. She looked incredibly young and unbelievably initiated in evil.

There are two hotels, the Continental and the Grande Rotonde, where, as the Continental was full, the American Consul, Mr. Cookingham, had engaged rooms for us. We three Bradleys and Miss Williams were in the Annexe of the Rotonde; Herbert and I had a huge corner room with six windows giving entrance to all the racket of the *Place,* and a bathtub beneath one window, decorously curtained off.

We missed the airy tropic veranda that had disappeared with the advent of French architecture—

for neither French architecture nor French cuisine recognizes the tropics—but the bathtub did noble service during the hot middays.

The heat of Saigon in May made pale the memory of the Red Sea in August, even the Semliki Valley at noon. It was a sweltering, sticky heat that turned your clothes to wet paper and glued them to you. A heat that weighed you down and made the slightest exertion an incredible effort.

Life was tolerable only in the early morning and in the late afternoon, when coolness came again to the stifling city, and its streets filled with reviving people. Then came out women in diaphanous frocks and lacy hats, and men in fresh white drill, who sipped ices and rode about in open victorias through the Zoölogical Gardens.

I could bear the heat, for it seemed marvelous to me to be allowed to sleep through it and not to have to march or to hunt anything, but the breakfasts embittered even my cheerful soul. It is strange to me to quarrel with my food—all I ask is that there should be something of some kind at times not too long deferred—but I do depend upon a cup of coffee for breakfast.

I will admit as coffee almost anything made from a dried bean, but I will not admit the concoction made by the Annamite boy at the Annexe, a slovenly, shuffling, dirty Annamite boy. It was a sort of coffee

essence, a cold, dark fluid, looking like something in which you have just drowned a mouse.

This stuff the boy made once a week or once a month, and for your cup each morning he added a quantity of milk that had presumably been heated at some prehistoric date, for heavy slabs of bluish milky scum were on it.

To complete the repast there was a bun—not a Frenchy bun with a crisp crust, not a bun that made an effort to be like anything that one had ever known —just a sodden, despairing sort of bun that had been born under a bureau in some cellar and was morose at having been taken away.

And this at five in the morning to stay you until eleven when the hotel served a *déjeuner* of twelve courses, five of them meat!

But I discovered a *patisserie* across the way where a smiling Frenchwoman served delicious coffee to various French officers, and there I took myself each morn at five, and as there were no rolls available at the *patisserie,* for the French officers took their coffee unaccompanied by anything but conversation and cigarettes, I consumed the cream puffs that were ready for the afternoon tea and Alice enthusiastically joined me.

Our taste seemed a little strange to the proprietress but I overheard an officer telling her that American breakfasts were always amazing, so I

made no explanations. I could have arranged for some buns, undoubtedly, but the puffs were delicious. As Alice said, "Why don't we have these at home for breakfast, Mummy?" Why, indeed?

Herbert endured the hotel buns, but his *bête noir* was the eleven o'clock meat courses, so we used to wander down the side streets to Chinese restaurants where rice and curries were recognized as true tropic provender.

Dinners, however, were enjoyable, especially the ones on the *terrasse* of the Continental, where the illusion of Europe was sustained by sidewalks full of gayly dressed people, with electric lights springing out overhead and the long rays of motor headlights sweeping up and down the hill.

To escape from Europe one went to Cholon, the rich Chinese suburb, where open balconies, paper flowers, swaying lanterns, cages of singing birds and the smell of joss sticks made streets of bright-faced charm.

We were very busy at Saigon, in those hours when the heat did not knock us over like dominoes, in making arrangements to go up country after the tigers. But not to Angkor. We had changed our plans.

It was a little pamphlet, written by a French official, that I had chanced on in a bookshop in Singapore which turned our attention to the Lang Bian

plateau of Indo-China. This pamphlet was an account, written by Monsieur Millet, Garde Générale des Forêts at Dalat, telling of highlands where buffalo and gaur and deer abounded, and where tigers were so plentiful and unhunted that they walked out boldly in the daytime.

That was the place for us! If there was a spot on earth where tigers walked by night or day we wanted to go there.

Everything that we heard at Saigon confirmed us. There were tigers everywhere in Indo-China, it appeared; travelers who had no desire to meet them were always encountering them when motoring at night, seeing them clearly in the light of the headlights. (That happened to travelers, too, in Sumatra, but never, we knew, would it happen to us. We hoped for no such luck. Only for the fair returns of hard searching!)

We met a Captain Toy of the Manila Artillery who had come over on a shoot during his leave and got a tiger up at Djiring, and he pictured them prowling about the resthouse as abundantly as cats on the sidewalks of New York. Almost we inclined to Djiring, but two other Americans, the Curtis Kings, had gone up there already.

We met the Governor-General, His Excellency Monsieur Cognacq, a vivid, dark-eyed gentleman, alert and courteous, and he made us feel that the

tiger was already in our pockets. He corroborated every word that Monsieur Millet had written about the Lang Bian plateau and its game, and so we wired to Millet at once to know if he could make arrangements for a hunt.

We had no camp equipment, for tents and cots had all been left behind in Africa; we had only our guns, ammunition, hunting clothes and bedding rolls. But Monsieur Millet had everything for a camp and would let us rent what we needed. We knew nothing about this country, and less than nothing, we realized, about getting tigers, so it was a godsend to find a man who had actual experience and really knew the game.

And if ever a man had a reputation for knowing tigers—and a deserved one, we found!—it was this Monsieur Millet. For twenty-two years he had been Garde des Forêts of Indo-China, and Indo-China owed him much for the work of preservation he had done; he was not only an experienced hunter; he had studied and photographed the wild game.

There was one difficulty, it appeared—there was no room for us at Dalat. The health station which the government had built in the hills for the families of officials was already full, and the hotel which was in process of building was not completed.

However, the governor waved that objection aside and merely wired the management of the Grand

Hotel, as the health station was called, that six Americans were coming, and off we went.

At nine-thirty one night we boarded the evening train, spread ourselves over three compartments in berths that were narrow, but soft, and started—ultimately, with the train—for the interior.

Indo-China, to be geographical for a moment, is an oblong bit of country, swinging out of Asia between the China Sea and the Bay of Siam. It has much the same size and shape as California and Nevada together—an area of two hundred and ninety thousand square miles.

We were headed towards Annam, the oldest of the four French protectorates. It was a luckless country, invaded by the Chinese in the third century and ruled over by them until the tenth, then fought over, like a doormat, by northern Tongkingese and southern Chams. A native dynasty was established in 1428 but ruled only by permission of its powerful neighboring notables, and a constantly unstable state of affairs continued until, in the eighteenth century, the Tongkingese got the upper hand and pushed the reigning monarch out.

All guidebooks about Annam are fond of the phrase that French influence—delicate word!—began in 1787 when the King of Annam and the King of France concluded a treaty by which the King of Annam ceded certain territories to the King of France.

What happened is that the French influence, in the person of a forward-looking Franciscan missionary bishop, George Peter Joseph Pigeau de Behaine, dragged off Prince Canh, the young son of the deposed King of Annam, to Louis the Sixteenth to beg his help against the usurpers, and so the treaty followed by which the King of Annam ceded to France a good island for a naval base and the port of Tourane, the only decent harbor in Annam.

Annam's deposed monarch got nothing from Louis in return, except kind wishes, but the Franciscan Behaine was a masterful soul, and he got together arms and men, a shipload of European adventurers, ousted the Trinks and put the Nguyens back on the throne in Hué where a Nguyen descendant sits at this day.

The government that Behaine had reëstablished ran along in its own sweet way for a time—France being busy with the Revolution and Napoleon—casting people under elephants and feeding former favorites capriciously to tigers, grinding the faces of the poor and beheading and flogging as despotism willed, until France had time to remember the fine harbor of Tourane and turned her attention eastward. Then, after the usual succession of military expeditions and missionary enterprises and more military expeditions, France took over the government and added to it the protectorates of Tongking, Cam-

bodia, the colony of Cochin China and part of the Laos country.

The borders are administered, but to this day the interior is little known, and there is a vast, wild territory untouched yet by the whites, though the old trade routes of antiquity reach up through those wild mountain passes to China.

It is all high land, this interior, between the basins of the two great rivers, the Mekong and the Song Koi, mountains and plateaus that are an S-shaped continuation of the Yunnan Mountains of China, covered with great pine forests that are an extension of the old pines of China.

This is the country to which the primitive Mois and the *insoumis* from the other races have retreated to live as they choose as long as they can escape French rule, and where herds of elephants, gaur and deer were roaming, preyed on by their overlord, the tiger.

The Lang Bian Plateau where we were going was at the southern edge of this wild land, high in the northeastern corner of the province of Panthiet, edging north among mountains.

Night and slumber deprived us of any view of the country, but dawn gave us glimpses of great forests floating like fairylands on the unsubstantial mists of morning. At eight we were at the end of the line, where we were to breakfast, but we were too late to be

allowed to breakfast—which seemed to me a regrettable decision.

Immediately we were rushed off in a motor bus, packed like sardines. It was hot and jolty and noisy, and my soul did not do justice to the wide and lovely views which spread out before us as the road wheeled and circled and clung to the steep flank of the pine-shrouded mountains.

By noon we were at Dalat.

CHAPTER XII

IN ANNAM

THE quality of Dalat is its quiet. It is like a reflection in a mirror—low, green-clad, treeless hills in whose curves a little lake is outspread like a pool of water caught in green velvet folds. There is always a boat, motionless, on the lake, casting down its still shadow, and a fisherman in wide, peaked Annamite hat, standing as motionless. . . .

The sky is soft and blue and cloudless. Against its rim lies the mild purple of mountains, not so far away but that the dark forests on the sides show the separate trees, like lines of tiny, marching men. A red road or two wanders over the nearer hills, like strokes of raw sienna drawn by a painter's brush.

The air is crystal clear, keen with the scent of pines. . . . A still, high, tranquil place, where wild deer graze in safety on the green hills, and cattle browse, and weathered-looking folk, with skins the color of saddle bags, keep slow pace with their driven buffalo.

For the rest, looking away from the lake, there were the low, clustered roofs of the Annamite village under a single, soaring tree; there was a villa roof or

two, scarcely discernible; there were the dark pine-log buildings of the Grand Hotel, the health station, and not far from it a flagrantly new and imposing edifice rearing itself amazingly from the freshly dug red earth—the Lang Bian Palace Hotel, built by the discerning French for future Americans, already occupied in part by discerning English families of officials vacationing from Siam.

It is undoubtedly a comfortable hotel, yet we were grateful that our lot was cast with the not yet abandoned log houses of the old health station, where the management, coerced by the governor's telegram, gave us a bungalow practically to ourselves.

The meals were served in another building, and our first impression of the *salle à manger* was of a high veranda on stilts on a steep hill, with full dogs on the veranda and empty bottles beneath it. But neither dogs nor bottles detracted from the comfort of those meals—indeed, they rather added to it.

Here at Dalat, in one of the villas, lived Monsieur Millet and his wife, and as soon as we met, we realized that here was a man who knew the jungles and the tiger-hunting game. He was a thin, browned Frenchman, who had spent his life in the forests, quiet and effective—a sportsman and a gentleman.

In five minutes he had knocked the Sumatran theories of hunting into a cocked hat. He, too, had been told, when he first came out, that the tiger ate only

living bait, but a glimpse of three tigers about a dead elephant that he had shot had convinced him of the complete contrary, and long experience had assured him that the tiger preferred his meat dead—the deader the better. He was the originator of the dead-bait lure.

"A lazy beast, the tiger—he likes his dishes prepared for him," said Monsieur Millet, smiling. (He spoke French but he knows some English words and is increasing his knowledge for the benefit of non-French-speaking hunters to come!)

Now the advantages of dead bait are apparent. A living cow in the jungles, we had discovered for ourselves, has an unhelpful way of keeping cautiously quiet, and there are small chances that a ranging tiger may happen on it during the night's roving—whereas a dead cow distinctly announces itself!

After three days the taint of that meat in the air will reach a tiger that is miles away, and draw him from the precariousness of his pursuits to the certainty of this discovery.

The thing to do, then, was to put out dead bait, buffalo, cattle and deer, staked down so that a tiger could not carry them off, and arrange a screen behind a bush where the hunter could hide and wait for the tiger's return, after he had once eaten.

Here in Indo-China the tigers were so wild and unafraid that they often came back by day for their

THE OPERA HOUSE AT SAIGON HAS A EUROPEAN AIR

ANNAMITE VILLAGE AT DALAT

THE OLD AND THE NEW—NATIVE CART AND THE PALACE HOTEL

AN ANNAMITE WATER CARRIER

second and third helpings, disdaining the cover of night.

The very tiger we were waiting for!

But there was a catch in it. . . . This was not the season for tigers. Occasional ones, yes—had not Captain Toy just shot one?—but late April and May were not good months for tigers, though excellent for gaur and deer, as the grass was short and the season dry—at least it was dry until well into May. From June to September were splendid tiger months.

Tigers, it appeared, "circulated" more in the rainy season when the grass was long. Then one met them everywhere, *partout, partout,* but now in the dry season they kept to the watercourses and the deep jungle ways where they made their kills. There were always tigers, but in these months it was more a matter of chance.

But there was always hope. First we could try the likeliest places about Dalat. If they failed, then we could go farther into the country.

So we made arrangements with Millet to have buffalo put out, at hopeful places, and he chose spots not too far from the motor road that wound through the mountains so we could get out each morning to investigate. Our buffaloes were bought, walked out to these places, killed and staked. Millet's own tracker, an experienced Moi, had very cunning screens made behind convenient bushes, and all that we had

to do was to wait for the buffaloes to ripen, as it were, and sustain our hope upon the stories of tigers that we heard on every side.

The most famous was that of the French governor, who wrote to Millet that he was coming, and Millet made all arrangements ahead of time. The governor arrived at one o'clock on the very day that a tiger had already eaten one of the buffaloes, so he was motored briskly along the road to the blind where he got out and waited. At four the tiger returned, the governor shot him and returned that night to Saigon.

Afterwards an American wrote Millet, saying, "I'd like a tiger for next Sunday at eight, *s'il vous plait.*"

It was magnificent—but was it hunting? We liked Millet's own experiences best. The most thrilling was a time in a marsh when he was walking alone and suddenly heard the sucking noise of a tiger walking in water. Then out came a tiger, three meters away from him. He fired and the beast dropped, apparently dead.

Instantly a fury of a tigress dashed out of the reeds towards him. He had only one ball in his gun and he gave her that but the shot was not fatal and after a rush away, she whirled and came directly at him.

His gun was empty. There was no time to reload, no use attempting to escape through the wall of

reeds. *"Figurez-vous, madame!"* said Millet, and I figured.

He stood his ground, and at ten feet from him the tigress paused, crouched—for the final spring, he was horribly sure—then changed her mind and flashed away.

Next instant came a roar from the first tiger, who was not dead but apparently very much revived. But by now Millet had got two more cartridges in his rifle and was ready. When the beast came on he put in a finishing shot swiftly and the tiger fell. The tigress escaped.

That was the sort of thing that put life into tiger hunting! But Millet was the only man we met who had stories of such encounters. All the other tigers we heard of were killed over bait—or not killed over bait. After a tiger came in there was always the chance of losing him, of not getting the gun up in that second of time, of rustling a branch that gave an alarm, of not getting in a true shot. There were gloomy stories of failures . . . of lost nerve . . . of bad luck. . . .

From Monsieur Garnier, the delightful *Commissaire* of Dalat, we heard the amusing story of Governor Harrison of the Philippines, who had come for a tiger and shot a smallish one.

"I regret," said the French governor to him, "that your tiger is so young and small."

Returned Harrison cheerily, "Ah, you don't know how that tiger is going to grow before it reaches New York!"

Another year the governor and his brother got three tigers at one place.

Now we had word that, at Djiring, the Curtis Kings had shot a large tigress near the very place where Captain Toy had shot his. Djiring was about sixty-eight miles from Dalat, a way station on what was another motor road to Saigon. It was a place of low, dense jungle infested with tigers. They stole chickens, dogs and pigs from the native villages that supplied the resthouse with food, and all that a hunter apparently had to do there was to put out a bait in some of the little clearings where previous hunters had left little grass houses for blinds.

We had considered Djiring in our plans but the fact that the Kings were already there seemed to us to be drawing rather heavily upon the resources of the neighborhood; however, now that they had a tiger, we thought one of us might try his luck, so Arthur Scott planned to motor over and take his chance there.

The day after he had done this the Kings motored over to see us and we heard from them the story of the tigress.

They had put out three baits and on going to a blind, rather late one morning, about eight o'clock,

they found a tiger had already eaten that bait. They had not expected anything so soon, for the baits had only been out three days, and King was wearing a light shirt, unsuitable for hunting. He walked back to their motor car and sent the boy back for a dark one, then went back to the blind to wait with Mrs. King.

He had no notion of anything happening immediately; he said he was merely sitting there, unexpectantly, looking at his boots which were riding boots, too stiff for jungle work, when his wife nudged him. (Mrs. King, by the way, was a dryad-like young creature, pretty as a picture.) She had seen the tiger or rather tigress coming out of the jungle. It began to eat and they took aim and Mrs. King fired first, as they had arranged. She put a clean shot into the head.

Her husband was more proud of that good shot than any of his own exploits. They were a most delightful young couple from Tennessee. He was the brother of the General King in command of the American forces at Tientsin.

Every story of this sort filled us first with hope and then with the fear that all the available supply of tigers had been consumed. This gloomy conviction deepened as we began to make our own rounds in vain.

We used to rise at four and motor out through the

mountain roads to the spot nearest each blind, then walk through the forest to the place. Each morning we found that the tigers had eschewed our offerings. We began to count the days for which the baits would still be good with the feverishness of shortening hope. The morning rides were delightful but the chief pleasure in them was the company's which had the motor concession.

A *piastre* a kilometer was the price, which made a dollar a mile. A little run of eighty miles each day rather mounted up. This price exceeded anything in Africa, except our famous ride in Uganda when we had paid twenty-four hundred dollars for seven small trucks and cars to convey our safari a two days' trip from Mbarara to Kampala.

In Africa, in the interior, the usual price of gasoline, even after the long transport, was a dollar and a quarter the English gallon, and since the cars here got about twenty miles out of an English gallon they were getting about twelve dollars for each gallon expended on us, which certainly compensated for the use of the car and the chauffeur! We could feel that the French company was not losing any money on its concession, and that even the Americans who were to sojourn at the Lang Bian Palace Hotel would not be encouraged to motor excessively at that tariff.

One morning there was a wild surge of hope.

When we got out of the car near one of the blinds there were Moi natives waiting to tell us that the omens were favorable and a tiger had come in the night and eaten the buffalo there. He had not eaten much, which augured a prompt return.

It was as late as seven o'clock when we heard the news, but we streaked like mad along the trail and at seven-fifteen Herbert and I and the Moi tracker —a fine type of Moi with a wise, brown face and a knot of long hair wound on top of his head—were taking our places behind the blind.

We stood there for eleven hours, from seven-fifteen, to six-thirty.

All day long the hours crawled past and the sun crawled across a burning sky. The faint stirring of the wind brought to us a strong assurance of the presence of the buffalo but nothing brought the tiger. We stood like statues, resolved that no slackening on our part, no weak consideration of comfort, no inopportune stretching of cramped limbs, should give that tiger a warning.

We had heard the story of the French officer who had slipped back from his blind, after a tedious time, to solace himself with a cigarette. When he returned the tiger had eaten and gone. More tedious, uneventful hours, and then the officer, famished for food, retreated again. Again on his return he found the tiger had made another meal. Ultimately the tiger

ate the entire buffalo and the officer never saw the tiger!

With this horrible example in mind we never relaxed but stood like the boy on the burning deck while the sun did its worst to us and our legs ached and our backs ached and our arms ached. But every moment we tried to persuade ourselves that we were just about to see a tiger.

Then, at four o'clock, something stirred in the jungle. Our hearts leaped to our throats and pounded there; cautiously we inched our guns up into position.

Out of the green thickets a queer, dark head raised itself on a long neck that curved this way and that in questing observation, then, with a self-satisfied air, a huge reptile slid out of the jungle and, like an evil dream, approached the buffalo. It was one of the giant lizards of Indo-China.

We should have been charmed to have seen it at any other time but we looked with loathing at it now.

The hunt was over then, if we had but known, for it was the giant lizard which had previously eaten the buffalo, or rather, not eaten, but sucked at the nerves, as we found later. The Moi tracker, with a headshake of discouragement, motioned for us to leave.

But leave we would not. We were not sure yet that the lizard had been the original eater and the

Moi had no words in which to tell us. We were resolved to stick it out as long as the day lasted.

So we stood sentinel while the sun waned and the grateful coolness of afternoon stole over the highlands. The deer came out to graze about us, the lovely little deer so mistakenly called the hog deer, and the larger variety, very red, and then a wild pig trotted unconcernedly about, nosing snortily at the earth, so near we could have thrown a stone at him.

Then dimness blotted out the shapes about us. We shouldered our guns and marched back to the waiting motor. Another tiger hunt was done.

We made up our minds now to take the camping outfit which Millet could provide and strike out into the real wilds, as far as possible from motor roads and outposts of civilization. We had had a feeling all along that Aristide—as we had named this hoped-for French tiger to distinguish him from the disappointing Peter Pan of Sumatra—would never be found in such easy ways as this hotel-and-motor hunting.

We set about our arrangements and the buying of foodstuffs from the French and Annamite stores, meanwhile continuing to visit the *appâs* while the buffaloes showed signs of life, or, rather, death.

Harry Bigelow made up his mind that Angkor Vat was more worth the expenditure of time than his chance of a tiger, a remote chance, for he had very

generously insisted all the time that we should take our turn first, and he determined to return to Saigon and motor from there to Cambodia and the famous ruins.

Miss Williams and Alice were to wait for us at Dalat where they had ideal surroundings. Alice had discovered a lovely mountain stream on one of their walks in the pine woods and she had filled a bay of it with a flotilla of paper and wood boats that day by day she used to sail while Miss Williams watched and read. The healthy upland air made her as rosy as had Africa and we had no concern about leaving her. She was never ill an instant on any of the expeditions.

Meanwhile we visited the Annamite village, a collection of wood and tin buildings, one of them a cinema, set in surroundings decidedly "garbagey." The Annamites are a race of Chinese extraction, the Chinese strain considerably reënforced by the seven centuries of occupation. They are a small, brown-skinned people, rather poor in physique, with the curious distinction of having such separate great toes that they form a private anthropological division.

They are the most decorously costumed people on earth, for both men and women are shrouded in long black trousers and long jackets buttoned to the throat, and the long hair, which both sexes wear coiled on top the head, is topped by a wide, basket-shaped

THE ANNAMITE WOMEN WEAR THE MOST DECOROUS CLOTHES IN THE WORLD

PIGS ARE ALWAYS CARRIED UPRIGHT

ANNAMITE MOTHER AND CHILD

MOI HUSBAND AND WIFE VISITING THE ANNAMITE VILLAGE

hat as concealing as a young parasol. Any heavy stuff does for the lower class but the higher-ups sometimes wear satin, sometimes very sheer black stuffs, beautifully clean, with buttons of gilt or of gold.

They carry this passion for black even to their teeth, which are lacquered in black so that they look obliterated. The effect of an Annamite smile is that of a ghastly ruined cavern between lips dripping the gore of betel-nut chewing. Even the false teeth displayed in the windows of the native dentist shop are black! Any Annamite girl who is disinclined to darken her teeth is looked upon as a potential wanton, cultivating white teeth to welcome the attentions of the foreigner.

Their language is an archaic Chinese which sounds like a whining grievance, a sort of "N'yang, n'yang, n'yang." They are not a trusty race and have no great endearing qualities, but they are facile and learn easily. The servants are inclined to be forward and cheeky.

The Mois are a much better lot. They are the descendants of the simple savages of the land, an agricultural people as innocent of civilization as any natives of Africa, with a strong tribal organization and ancient customs. They live in grass huts, cultivate their fields, drink huge quantities of rice wine which inspires them to cheer and then to drowsiness

and ask of civilization only the impossibility of letting them alone.

Their language is so difficult that no Frenchman we met but Millet had even attempted it; Millet spoke it and he, and the old Moi chief, his tracker, took us to some of the villages in the forests and prevailed upon them to let us photograph even the women, a thing they shrink from for fear of some evil spell.

Their religion is animistic, an old cult of nature worship, and their laws are handed down in saga-like poetry recited upon fitting occasions.

A band of them from the interior came down to the Annamite village to trade, wild, gypsy-like folk, naked but for loin cloths and blankets over the shoulders. The blankets, somehow, made them look more unclothed than the African in his loin cloth; the beginnings of clothes have always that effect. Their long curly hair escaped from the turban of rags with an air of dishevelment that our crop-haired Africans had escaped.

These, of course, were the humblest type of Moi; our tracker was a man of very different caliber, a pure-blooded chief, cleanly clothed in European style and dignified in manner. His wife, whom we met later, was neat as a pin; barefooted, but with ornaments of pure gold.

I shall never forget one of the gypsy Mois and his little wife who went wandering in awe through the

sloppy street of the Annamite village, staring in amazement at the open-faced shops where the vendors offered such marvels of matches and crockery and pins and needles and cloth for sale. They had a dish of brass to barter but could not decide on which coveted wonder to fix their choice. To them the place was the united Carson Pirie and Marshall Field of the world!

Before we left we watched two native celebrations, of curiously dissimilar events, the Feast of the Dragon and the Birthday of Jeanne d'Arc. The dragon procession was at night, and, lured by the throbbing drums, we rushed out in the dark to see the dragon, gayly lighted from within and accompanied by a host of bobbing lanterns, winding his way about the hills, curving and writhing, the tail galloping nobly at the corners to catch up. Sometimes he was a little disjointed, but on the whole he was a very creditable dragon, and he returned in great form to the Annamite village where the music and dancing sounded far into the night.

Jeanne d'Arc's celebration began with an early mass, which we omitted, and then burst into field sports. We assembled on the shore of the lake, the French residents and ourselves, the Annamites in their best, and the best of the wealthiest of them was very fine of black satin and very bright of gold buttons, while a score of drummers banged their huge

brasses, and a multitude of Mois crowded near us.

There were pony races, bareback, with naked Mois clinging to the manes and thrusting their own noses ahead as they passed the barrier; there were chicken races—concluded in a second's burst of amazing speed—there were duck races that endured forever. Three ducks were loosed in the lake and for hours thereafter we saw the black, dripping heads of the swimming men and their churning arms streaking through the still water in the wake of the effortless ripples made by the eluding ducks. . . . That night, at any rate, there were clean Mois in camp.

The most spectacular performance was climbing the greased pole. From the top of it dangled the prizes from which the winner could make one choice. The feat was attempted by Annamites in trousers and Mois without trousers and the Mois had the better luck.

A tin of biscuits was the first choice made, then a Turkish towel—they make excellent turbans—then a large handkerchief and last a pair of useful clogs.

It was a strange celebration—the greased pole, the naked Mois, the squawking chickens and lathered ponies—to honor the birthday of that dead Joan, burned by the officials of that church which now canonized and commemorated her, and I wonder what she would have thought of it all. Having a spirit that accepted marvels, she might have wandered

about, serenely pleased. But it was a far cry from Domremy.

Her birthday was our last day in Dalat. Our outfit was ready and we started off in a motor to the north, to be met later by horses, Moi porters and guides, who led us through the forests, over mountain sides to a place where tigers were said to range.

CHAPTER XIII

IN THE FOREST

OUR camp on the Lang Bian plateau was a most lovely spot. We were on a highland among tall pine trees that were spaced as if planted in a park, so that one could see for long distances, except when bushes intervened. It was, of course, a perfectly natural growth but so different from the density of our pine forests at home that it was a constant marvel.

These trees were about sixty years old, and some distance to the north another forest began, rather sharply differentiated, with trees a hundred years old, and farther north were other forests yet older—as if the armies of great pines, marching south from China, were flinging out battalions of young trees ahead of them.

The highlands were cut sharply by steeply sloped ravines, jungle-choked at the bottom, where rivers and streams wandered through the thickets. Here in the jungles the tigers lurked, except in the rainy season, when they roamed everywhere in the tall grass.

The plateaus were full of other game: sambur deer and hog deer and tiny barking deer, wild pig

and buffalo, the famous gaur or seladang, a form of wild ox, much like the buffalo but a warier beast to hunt and a smaller wild ox, the banteng. Farther on were elephants and farther yet the rhino.

We had no designs upon the deer or buffalo except for tiger bait and for food for our porters, but the gaur is considered a very fine and difficult trophy and Millet had taken out a license for us that included gaur and came out himself for a few days of hunting them with us.

It was a camp de luxe. We had plenty of supplies brought in from Dalat; we had trained trackers and porters and no trouble getting food for them. We had nothing to do but hunt.

Our cook and the tent boys were Annamites, the porters and trackers Mois. The cook was very swanky when in attendance, clad in white duck trousers and a coat with glittering buttons, but the moment he resumed operations at the cookhouse he reduced this supply of clothing by half, retaining only the trousers.

This Lang Bian plateau was certainly the land of the free. The natives here paid no taxes; the cook smoked opium—which he had bought legally back at the grocery at Dalat—and bottles of red and white wine stood unmolested by any Volstead agent upon our camp tables.

The wine was a gesture of hospitality to our French

companion. For ourselves we had water, endless bottles of it. In the list of supplies which had been given us there had been an amount of bottled water which we had doubled, knowing our thirst, and supposing, from the fact that bottled water was carried at all, that the country was either deficient in supply or that the sources were unsafe.

To our surprise we found the land flowing with water, clear, sparkling mountain water. We realized then that we had not made allowance for the French point of view—that they looked upon water as something to be drunk out of a bottle, either for convenience or through custom, so in bottles it had been listed.

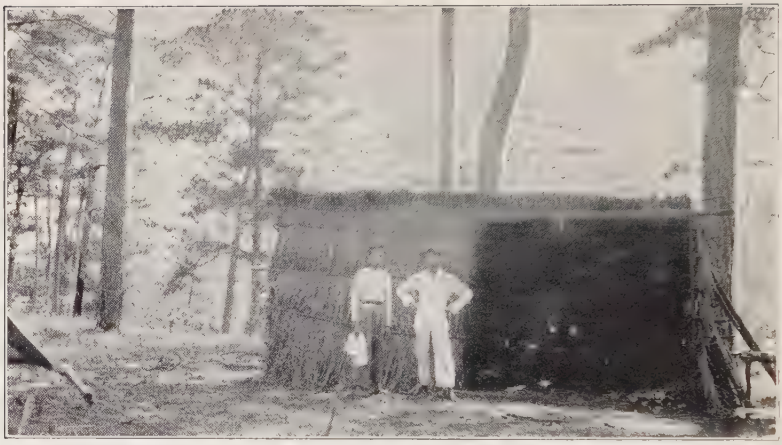
It was certainly convenient but it cost as much as the wine. However, the river gave us plenty for bathing, and when we reached camp at midday we used to have a hot bath and a luxurious nap before starting on the afternoon's hunt. Never in Africa had we had the luxury of that midday nap and the sensation was sweet.

As fast as we could, we put out baits of deer and buffalo, one after the other so that something would always be in the appetizing state of ripeness, and while we waited for Aristide to come in, we hunted gaur with Monsieur Millet.

It was much like buffalo hunting in Africa. We rose before dawn and headed for the slopes where

CELEBRATING THE BIRTHDAY OF JOAN OF ARC

YOUNG MOI CHIEF



THE KITCHEN BEING PHOTOGRAPHED

THE KITCHEN AS USUAL

it was probable that a herd had been grazing during the night, and then, if we picked up tracks, we followed, through river and jungle.

There were hours of the same old exercise that we knew so well. Sometimes we caught up with herds but they always took alarm before we had a chance at a shot. Once I had my sights on a big fellow, standing deep in grass at two hundred yards, but a head was all the target that was offered and the boss of horns was too great a protection for me to risk my Springfield on it—there was not enough penetration, I was afraid, even in the steel-jacketed cartridge, to get through that armor plate.

I waited, hoping for a chance at a heart shot, but the wind veered, or some movement of mine gave warning, and the big bull crashed off in the deep grass, the herd beyond going like a cyclone through the brush.

On another day Herbert managed to get close to a large bull, but the woods were so thick that he could not get sight of the beast after the first glimpse of the horns. He inched along, warily, the rest of us standing still as statues not to make a sound, then came a crash from behind the thickets that told us the gaur was on his way.

For two hours more we followed his trail, the Moi trackers picking it up like magic from the resilient greenery, then as the spoor grew colder, and we had

already been out seven hours we decided to call it a day and sat down for rest and cigarettes before tackling the homeward march. There was a sound of something crashing through the jungle below us, through which we had just climbed, and we started to our feet, guns ready, but to our amazement neither gaur nor deer broke into sight, but instead there appeared three Mois with the three little Mois horses which had brought us to camp.

We had looked upon those horses as a rather pleasant gesture, useful for the trip in and out, but valueless for any hunt, yet here they were, hours from camp, toiling up to us through such jungle and rough heights as would have daunted a burro and made even a chamois hesitate.

They were red with mud and wet with rivers, hung with creepers and vines from the forest, but straight up the slope they came, plunging after the scrambling Mois, and we welcomed the vision.

They are very small, these horses, a native breed, little bigger than ponies but strong and enduring. . . . All attempts to introduce the Arab horse into Indo-China have repeatedly failed, but these natives flourish.

It was sheer, Sybaritic luxury to ride back to camp. We could not ride all the way, of course, for there are slopes too steep for any horse and rider to take together, but I am ashamed now to remember how

much of the way I let that active little beast of mine carry me through.

Our three were fiery little stallions, wilder than even my dearly remembered horses of Brastagi, and they were bursting with eagerness to destroy each other. In my unsophistication I thought that my mount was edging near to Herbert's in brotherly fondness, and I let him edge.

Suddenly he lunged forward, his white teeth protruding from the rolled-back lips, and sunk those teeth in the ears of Herbert's animal.

With an affronted squeal Herbert's horse tore itself free, wheeled and let fly his hoofs. I leaned straight back on my horse and they seemed to fan the air over me—certainly they were where my face had lately been.

Then Herbert's iron hands were on the jaws of his horse and I was lashing mine to a safe distance, and after that we were wary of any desire for neighborly nearness on the part of our little steeds. But if they were picketed out of sight of each other they would call unhappily until they were returned to view again.

The deer hunting Herbert usually accomplished at dusk, and by himself, for I hate to see a deer shot, necessary as it may be, and I should hate to have to shoot one. Inconsistently, of course, I enjoyed the venison, much as we all enjoy good steaks though we

are disinclined to earn them by doing our own dispatching.

The Mois were always jubilant when a great buck was brought into camp, and began building a big camp fire around which they would sit feasting. We used to feel like Robin Hood in the greenwood. There were no mosquitoes on these heights and the evening hours about the camp fire were delightful.

But the precious days were passing and though we had bait out in all directions not a tiger had come in.

There were tigers in the jungle, for the natives had seen the tracks not long since, and a tiger is not likely to leave the locality. The Moi chief, our tracker, was very much troubled by our lack of success. He did not share his people's superstitions about assisting in a tiger's demise—he had been too long with Millet for that. He did his best for us, got up in the blackness of dawn to scout out to the baits, sent men out in all directions to look for tracks, studied the signs of every locality while out hunting with us.

Then, as a last resort, he sacrificed a chicken, his own chicken, to the spirit of the waterfall.

The Mois are nature worshipers and the waterfall is to them one of the most propitious of spirits. Mothers turn to it with prayers when their children are ill; childless wives go to it to beg for children. It is the spirit, they say, most favorable to human

OUR CAMP IN THE LANG BIAN PLATEAU

THE DINING TENT

GUN BOY AND MOI CHIEF WHO SACRIFICED HIS CHICKEN

OUR MOI GUIDES

hopes. . . . So he approached it with a petition about our tiger. He did not let us pay for the chicken, either—it had to be a true sacrifice. The spirit knows the heart.

Within three days, he said soberly, the spirit must answer.

We redoubled our own efforts, to help the spirit, and went in for hunting at night. Now this is not a sport, as we practiced it, to be recommended by longevity experts. We took an acetylene lamp that the Kings had lent us and one of Millet's, and fastened one of them on each of our heads, with a feed pipe running up from our pockets, and then started out into the night.

Back to back, step by step, we edged through the deep grass, the little lamps throwing their faint rays right and left. If there were eyes near by in the jungle watching us that light might chance on them. . . . Green eyes would be deer but red meant tiger.

For the first half hour of that eerie performance every eye I saw had a reddish cast and my finger tightened about the trigger, but there was always a swift snort and the sound of flying hoofs. After a while I took to praying for the eyes to be red. Anything was better than this eternal disappointment.

I remembered a story of Curtis King's experience —how, on a motor road they had picked up a pair of red eyes staring steadfastly out at them and had

fired between the eyes. There was no answering snarl—utter silence followed the gun. . . . To King's amazement one eye flew straight up and the other dashed off at a right angle. They were the eyes of a pair of doves, sitting sidewise to the road, each presenting an eye to his lantern, and he had fired between the birds.

They were very wonderful, those walks through the jungle at night. I think we were quite mad in what we did, though we liked to think then that we were being cautious, moving carefully and keeping a wary outlook.

The lights on our heads made the rest of the world utterly dark, though the soft stars were pouring down a still radiance. We moved through a black velvet scene, the headlights picking one object at a time out of the gloom, now the round bole of a pine tree, now a feathery shrub, now a plumed spear of waving grass. . . . Very often we heard the startled snort of some astonished beast. Once a stag crashed out from the depths of a dewy thicket where it had been asleep.

We stepped softly, the night wind blowing in our faces, attended only by that ghostly ray of light in the vast darkness. . . . We had an extraordinary sense of solitude.

It seemed strange to us that there were people anywhere who elected to stay in their beds or yawn at plays or doze at operas. They should come out at

night, on foot, into tiger land, step by step into the mysterious dark, with a thread of light throwing its will-o'-the-wisp ray into the shadows . . . listening to the bark of the deer and the leopard's cry . . . hearing soft rustles that make them stiffen in their tracks and their blood pound so that it seemed the tiger's thud. . . . The taste of life was never so keen on my lips as in those times.

One night, after hours of this, we came back through the moonlight that shamed our flickering lights, for the much-needed sleep. Next day we were up early again, on the trail of gaur. It was a grilling day and a disappointing one, for twice we were in sight of a herd in the forest only to have a scent or a sound betray us.

Just before sunset we reached camp, tired in every muscle. We were just dropping down to rest when an alarm came from the men, and there, on the opposite side of a deep ravine by the camp, in clear sight, though at a distance of four hundred yards, was a herd of gaur.

We had put up our guns and it took time to get them out and ready. The gaur were grazing, but moving steadily along, and we were in a panic for fear they would slip out of sight. Hurriedly we loaded the guns and worked along the ravine to a place of vantage; there we chose a big horned bull that seemed the leader, and concentrated on him.

Herbert fired first and I fired after him. The gaur plunged like a shot into a fissure at right angles with the course of the ravine, where he was out of sight in the dense greenery. The others galloped down after him and next instant they came tearing out the other side, but the big bull was not with them.

We had several excellent chances for shots but we held our fire, believing the big gaur was dead. We needed him for tiger bait as our deer were finished and only one buffalo remained. We started after him, Herbert and I, down our side of the ravine which was as steep as a toboggan slide, with grass over our heads in places, and when we were about halfway down we heard a shot boom out above us, and looked up to see smoke curling from Millet's gun, pointed across the ravine.

He had seen the big gaur come scrambling out of the chasm, and had fired, but at that distance and in that haste he was not certain of his shot.

We struggled on, down the ravine and up the other side of it, and finally pulled ourselves along the cliff-like sides of the place where the gaur had been. There we found his traces and began following them, but he was going strong—it looked as if he would reach Tongking by night.

The Moi tracker had come over and joined us, and for one painful moment I thought we were committed to another hunt, at this hour, and while I knew that

I should follow stolidly on I also knew that I should die in my tracks before the gaur did.

However, the tracker was sure that we could not overtake the beast before dark, though he would go a little way more to make sure, so thankfully we conceded that there was nothing more to be done now, and turned back to struggle down and up that ravine again.

I never remember being so leg-weary in my life. My breath was gasping like a dying engine and I heard myself making funny little whimpering noises as I pulled myself up the slope, clinging to slippery grass and shrubs. It was a comfort to have Millet tell us that he had felt too tired to start down with us!

But a hot bath and a good dinner worked their usual wonders. Our cook was a good one and he did justice to the supplies we had brought out from Dalat, and our appetites did justice to his work. Then after the coffee by the camp fire Herbert and I tied on our lights and started out again for another walk in the pine forest. We saw nothing but deer, and the rising moon sent us back to camp, to take leave of Millet, who was going at dawn, regretful that he could not stay to help us pursue the gaur. Sleepily we tumbled into our cots.

CHAPTER XIV

THE TIGER COMES

BEFORE dawn we were up, in the blackness of the early tropic hours, buckling on cartridge pouches and seeing to the guns, in order to start after the wounded gaur the moment the light permitted tracking. Suddenly a native materialized out of the darkness by our tents like an apparition.

A tiger had eaten the dead buffalo.

Excitement gripped us. A tiger—our chance at last! But chance had betrayed us so often that we had no elation of hope, only a tense determination to seize this new opportunity and see what happened.

"Are you sure that it is a tiger which has eaten?" we wanted to know, grimly mindful of the day when we had waited and waited and a giant reptile, not a tiger, had emerged.

The tracker was positive. The buffalo had been eaten as a tiger begins eating—at the tail. The tiger must be lying up near, ready to return.

We must hurry, to reach our bush before the light came. No more gaur hunt now. Hastily we swallowed some hot coffee and snatched a bite or two of bread while the horses were led up, then we mounted

and set out, the tracker running along ahead of us as guide.

The land was ghostly with the first intimations of morning, and through the grayness the giant pines rose darkly like columns in some dim crypt. The guide circled in and out the trees and our horses followed closely.

Then we dismounted and stole through the brush on foot, till we were on the edge of the ravine, directly above the dead buffalo. More than halfway down the steep slope was the bush across which a reënforcing screen of reeds had been built, and the buffalo was a hundred and fifty feet beyond that, directly in front of the green wall of the jungle.

Down the slope we crept, crouching low, and being as silent-footed as possible in the attempt to outwit the stealthy beast who might be in any bush before us at the moment. If he saw us the hunt was probably finished before it was begun. We should spend our weary hours there in vain.

We reached the shelter of the blind and cautiously raised the leaves that covered the tiny holes left for peepholes. There was a long stretch of tall, waving grass sloping down before us with bushes on each side, then the dark blue that we knew to be the dead buffalo and beyond, the blotting darkness of the jungle.

Herbert and I took our positions, each with an

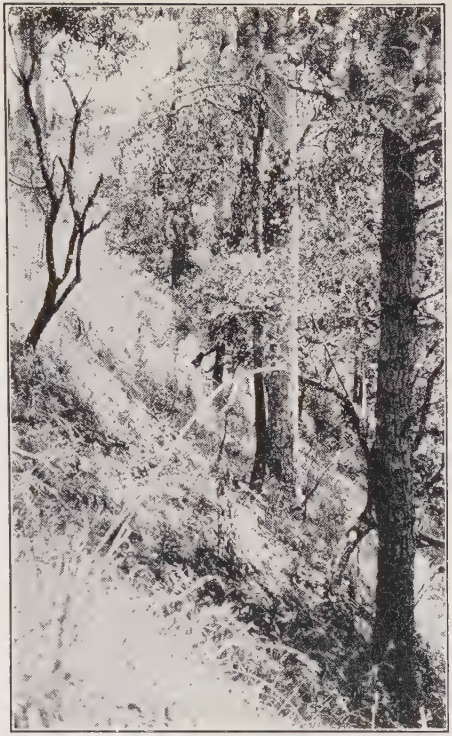
eye at a peephole, our guns leaning beside us. The tracker squatted on his heels at our side, patient and immobile.

It was growing lighter and lighter; the darkness paled and retreated as the brightness gained in the east. There were little morning noises, the familiar sounding crow of the wild cock, the cropping of a family of wild pigs on the grassy slope to the right, the bark of a distant deer.

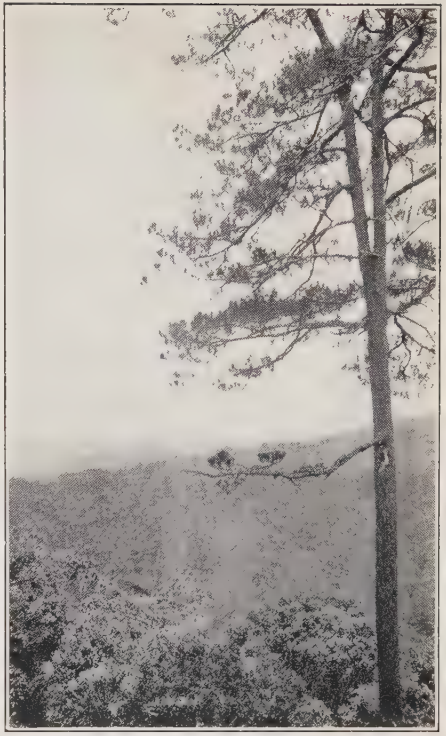
The sun seemed to shoot up in the sky and its heat poured out on us as if a door had been opened from a furnace. We stood still there, motionless, staring out intently.

The buffalo was clearly seen now. Clearly discerned, in every meaning. It was a long-dead buffalo and it asserted its deadness with every breath of the rising breeze. I had known an African cannibal once who for days cherished a lion's paw that he used as a sort of savory at the end of his regular meals, and I had thought that lion's paw was the deadest thing in the world. But I was wrong. It did not seem to me that any tiger, that any animal on earth, could take an appetizing interest in anything so vociferously dead as that buffalo!

I tried to steel myself against it by calling on all my nature-loving soul to observe the exquisite lemon green of the morning sky and the misty delicacy of the leafy tree tops. . . .



THE RAVINES LEAD DOWN TO
DEEP JUNGLE



WILD COUNTRY IN THE LANG BIAN
MOUNTAINS

A PAUSE IN GAME HUNTING—MONSIEUR MILLET AND HERBERT BRADLEY

Cliché Guillemet

MONSIEUR MILLET AND TWO TIGERS HE SHOT

Nothing to do but stand and wait and watch, . . . a dragging business if you are not keyed up by hope. . . . I kept telling myself that somewhere out in that green into which I was straining my eyes was the great striped beast we had hunted so long, sleeping, or perhaps padding about on stealthy feet, staring through the jungle at us.

Six o'clock. Seven o'clock. Eight o'clock. Nine o'clock. . . . The Kings had got their tiger at a quarter to nine so I had set nine, mentally, as a lucky hour, but nine passed uneventfully. Then I remembered a story I had heard about a tiger that had been seen at eleven o'clock and I set eleven as the time at which things would happen.

The business of standing motionless on your feet for hour after hour had a way, I noticed, of losing its first charm of novelty. By eleven o'clock I felt I had exhausted all the possibilities for joy in the situation. I never wanted to stand still again so long as I lived.

I knew Herbert was sharing my emotion. Our only diversion was to glance warningly at each other if we rattled a leaf. There is no strain on the family tie, or on any tie of friendship, comparable to hunting! A little matter of clearing the throat or munching chocolate or scuffling the feet separateth very friends. You always know that if the other had not made just the noise he did, at the moment he did,

you would have got your lion or whatever you were after.

I will say for Herbert and myself that no violets were more unobtrusive by their mossy stone than we behind that bush. He is a fisherman, anyway, and watchful waiting comes easier to him than to me, but nothing could have surpassed my dogged determination not to give a hint of our presence to betray us to that tiger.

The minutes passed with incredible slowness. The sun burned hotter and hotter. We would not stir. One of us could have rested while the other watched but we were too strung up for that. Our nerves were tense.

Eleven o'clock. Nothing happened. Then twelve. The sun was high overhead. I felt burning up; the blood throbbed in my temples. I thought of the nights on an African mountain when we had stood on guard against marauding elephants, shivering with cold on the wind-swept heights, and I wondered why I had ever objected to cold and wind.

From the jungle beyond us came a sound of splashing water. Tigers played in water. Was it the tiger —or was it the herd of gaur we had seen the day before? I looked questioningly down at the tracker and he grinned back at me, confirming my tiger hope.

A little later it seemed to me that I could see, through the swimming waves of heat, the gleam of a

striped face for an instant between the green jungle growths. It was gone even as I thought I saw it, and I told myself that it was all a trick of my straining eyes. I was getting so I could see tigers all over the place. . . .

At two o'clock came a rush of clouds, forewarning of the storm that was sweeping up with equatorial fury. The darkness shut swiftly in about us, the heavens opened overhead and all the waters in them came crashing down on us. The tracker shivered and slipped softly away up the ravine. We put our guns under our coats to keep them dry, and for the next two hours we stood there in the soaking downpour, wondering if we had really been nice and dry and hot a short time before.

Then the rain ceased and the sun came out more faintly, and the tall grass about us, bending with rain, began to straighten, while the glistening, beaded drops on it dried.

We took turns, now, sitting down close by the blind, cautiously stretching a cramped arm or leg. In my turn I beguiled myself by writing out a telegram to be sent back to Miss Williams to send on to our companions if the hunt turned out well. I wrote: "Aristide passed away at five-fifteen this afternoon." Then I stopped—five-fifteen was too near. If I set that as a time and it passed, uneventfully, I should be robbed of hope. So I wrote five forty-five instead.

I added, "The end came suddenly, while he was dining."

I printed this out carefully and held it up for Herbert to look at but from his perfunctory smile I could see that hope was not radiant in him. There was just doggedness left—the thing was an endurance test.

The day was fading fast. Five-thirty. . . . Five-forty. . . . In a few minutes it would be too dark to see to shoot if anything did come. As soon as it was dusk the tiger might begin to prowl, and do his prowling anywhere about us. We began to glance over our shoulders rather warily.

Only fifteen minutes more in which it would be possible to shoot, I thought, glancing at my wrist watch. It was just five forty-five.

I was at the blind, peering through the peephole on Herbert's side, and Herbert was directly behind me, sitting down. There was a feeling in the air that the day was done. And then, as I looked out, realizing every moment slipping by as something palpable, bearing forever away the chances it might have held—I saw something.

Out of the wall of distant shadows came a gleam of gold and black—vivid as lighting against the green—and the tiger walked out of the jungle.

Never in my life had I seen such a picture. Elephants by moonlight, lions at dawn, gorillas at blaz-

ing noon I had seen, but nothing was ever so beautiful and so glorious to me as that tiger walking out of his jungle. He was everything that was wild and savage, lordly and sinister.

He seemed to materialize like something in a dream and for a moment I could imagine I was dreaming. He stood, projected vividly against the forest, and he looked enormous. The great striped roundness of him was like a barrel. Then he moved, and seemed to flow along the ground, nearer and nearer.

He stopped, and looked up at our bush. I could hardly breathe. If he should take alarm! He stared, his head lowering, then, apparently reassured, he turned his head towards the dead buffalo and walked over towards it.

Then I dared let the leaf go back into place while I turned to Herbert behind me. My lips formed, "Tiger here," and over Herbert's face came a look of sheerest pity and commiseration. "Poor girl," he thought, "she's dreamed tigers and she's looked for tigers—and now she thinks she's seeing them!"

Then his face changed. He rose and I moved, mechanically, to his side as he stepped forward to his place. Noiselessly we lifted the leaves over our peepholes and raised our guns to fill the opening. My eyes raced down the barrel of my rifle in frantic fear lest the vision of that tiger be gone.

The tiger was there, to the right of the buffalo, a picture of savage life and death. So he must have stood many times, over his kills, wary, yet arrogant in his great strength, lording it over the jungle, inspiring terror in every living thing—superb and terrible.

I dared not project my gun as I wished; I leveled it as best I could, stepping backwards, and aimed on the head for the brain shot I had been told was best. "Ready?" I breathed; then, before Herbert's signal came back, the tiger began to weave his head from side to side, looking up at us.

I had been told to wait till he began to eat, when I would have a chance for a clear aim, but I dared not wait. I shifted my aim hastily from the brain to a black stripe across the backbone at the top of the shoulder. I never felt so cold and tense in my life.

"Ready," breathed Herbert. I was to fire at any time now, and he was to follow with his big gun, in case mine had missed. He was giving me the shot—but we weren't going to lose that tiger if we could help it.

I fired on the instant and the roar of his gun followed mine. Then the roar of the tiger drowned them both.

I tore out around the corner of the blind where I could see in the open and Herbert plunged after

me. The tiger was down; we could not see him in the deep grass, but his snarling roars told us he was out there.

"He's down!" we said and then, "He's gone!" for now we had a clearer outlook and saw that he was gone from beside the buffalo. The snarls were going away.

Now we knew all about the counsel not to follow a wounded tiger, but to wait for two hours, till he was stiffer, and then track him. It was good advice but this was a case not for advice but for action. It was darkening each instant and there was no time to waste.

So down we went through that long grass, step by step, watching each side for there might be a tigress anywhere. We came to the buffalo and followed a flattened grass trail leading back into the jungle. It was dim in there but there was light enough to see.

The tiger was lying stretched out, about fifty yards away from the buffalo. As we came up he roared with fury, dying as he was—dying by violence as he had lived. Every night of his life he had been nourished on the blood and pain of some defenseless creature and now a sudden, sharp destruction had struck him down. He had been terrible in life and he was terrible in death.

With guns ready, we stood watching that last

moment, searching the shadows for the possible tigress. The native tracker had heard the shooting from the top of the ravine where he had come out to wait for us, and now he and his men came stealing warily in to us, the tracker with his own gun alert, for he, too, feared a tigress. When they were quite sure the tiger was dead they all took hold of that great barrel of a body and staggered with it out into the open. It was all the eight men could do to carry it.

He was a huge beast, big and fat, with a superb skin. One shoulder, the left, was smashed from Herbert's bullet for he had shot to cripple. It would have been a fatal wound. But my shot had gone to its mark, straight through the black stripe into the backbone. The Springfield bullet had entered by the smallest of holes, but it was hollow ground and had expanded and smashed out a portion of backbone as big as my two hands. That tiger was a dead tiger the instant he fell, yet such was his dying strength, his amazing vitality, that he had pushed himself fifty yards downhill into the jungle.

Quickly now and loudly we counted the whiskers and tied them with grass to protect them from the natives. For tiger whiskers are the most useful sort of magic—just one of them ground up and introduced into the food of a neighbor is considered a strong enough charm to kill him. From the anxious per-

HERBERT BRADLEY AT TIGER BLIND

THE TIGER AT LAST

SKINNING THE TIGER

ARTHUR SCOTT AND HENRY

sistence with which our Mois hovered about that tiger's head we fancied that there were several unpopular neighbors in the village that they wished to work upon.

The sheer size of that tiger gave us a thrill. We had grown so hopeless that we would have been thankful for any tiger, just any medium-sized, undernourished beast at all, and here was a great killer in the strength of his powers, second, we found out later, to the record for height.

There are several ways of measuring a tiger. The favorite amateur method is to take a tape measure and follow every convolution of its curves to the end of its tail. In this way some remarkable results are obtained. Or you can have the skin well stretched and offer that as irrefutable evidence.

But the real way is to put a stake at the tiger's nose and another at the base of his tail, and measure the straight line between. We measured that tiger in every direction, and later Monsieur Millet measured the skin.

The tiger was six feet three to the base of the tail and the tail was a generous thirty-five inches so the total was nine feet two. The height to the top of the shoulder was forty-two inches, to the top vertebra, forty-four. The pad of the front foot was nine inches long. He was thirty-two and a half inches around the chops in front of the ears. It was nine

and a half inches from ear base to ear base. His girth was fifty-eight and a half inches—four inches smaller than the chest of the big gorilla, which Herbert shot in Africa.

Millet later measured the skin in meters and centimeters and on the least provocation I am ready to give those, too, so vital did it seem to us then to record each detail.

The natives were as excited as we were. A tiger, the overlord of the jungle, the enemy of everything with life, had been killed. The spirit of the waterfall had answered the prayer—within the three days, as the chief had told us—and answered it generously.

Chanting and singing, they carried the tiger, slung to a pole, back through the darkness to the camp. Night had fallen and we carried a light, and saw its reflection shining out at us in the eyes of staring deer. Then as they sniffed their dead enemy—or us—they would snort and fly.

Down before the tents the Mois put the tiger, so live-looking his pose that he seemed alive. There were wild doings of triumph about the porters' fire that night and there was an almost incredible peace about ours.

All through that night I kept waking. The moon stood high overhead, its light white as snow upon the still earth. The shadows of the pines were like little pools of ink about the base of each tree. In the clear

radiance the great tiger lay brilliant, in gold and black beauty, proud and perfect in his death as when he had stalked those plains in his life to seek his quivering prey.

CHAPTER XV

HOMEWARD BOUND

IT was a lucky thing for us that the spirit of the waterfall had been invoked in time, for there were no days to spare if we were to catch the *Porthos* from Saigon at the end of the week. Two days more, and we were riding our horses out from the pines, back to Dalat, with Aristide's skin, heavily salted, marching along on the back of one of the coolies.

We had sent a runner ahead with our news and when we arrived we found that we had given Miss Williams a dreadful shock. In our letter to her we had enclosed the telegrams to be sent our companions, and I had used the very ones I had written behind the screen, with its odd coincidence of time. One was headed "For Mr. Bigelow," and when the paper fluttered out Miss Williams caught the name and below the words, "passed away," and "the end came suddenly while dining," and thought it was a message telling of Mr. Bigelow's passing away. When she found the letter to herself and the other telegram she discovered the truth, but it was a horrid shock.

There was just time for a farewell dinner with Monsieur and Madame Millet, both so cordially

pleased at our luck in getting such a big tiger, and then in the morning we were off again. Our luggage had to leave before us, on the motor truck that went at six o'clock, and the management promised porters at dawn to carry our stuff to the depot of the truck.

Came the dawn but no porters. Herbert went up to the hotel but there was no management in sight, only a boy or two in the kitchen, innocent of responsibility or intelligence. There might seem to be nothing to be done about it—but not to Herbert.

Off he dashed to the Annamite village and found some Mois drifting in to market with their wares upon their heads. He gathered them to him, by the simple expedient of removing their loads and grasping their wrists. Perplexed but docile, they finally came with him, and light dawned upon them when they saw our luggage.

Off he led them to the bus depot, and as there were two loads left, he sent two men back for them. Not an understandable word did he or they have between them, but they managed perfectly, and it confirmed Herbert in his belief that language is a mere flourish, that the real essentials are accomplished without any confusion of words.

Saigon again. Heat that seemed stickier and steamier and deadlier than ever after the delicious cool of the highlands—cool, that is, when you are not out in the sun, waiting for tigers.

Aristide's skin hung in our room, streaming water from the salt, vainly trying to find drying air. We disinterred our trunks from the stronghold of the Rotonde and found that in spite of all our precautions of waxed paper and camphor balls the contents were red with rust and blue and green with mold.

Harry Bigelow joined us from Angkor and Arthur Scott from Djiring, Harry with photographs of jungle-choked temples and Arthur with the skins of Rupert and Henry, two baby tigers he had shot from the blind from which the Kings had shot the tigress—the cubs, one inferred, were the offspring of the former tigress.

There was still a big tiger at large at Djiring, for Arthur had seen the marks of his pads about the bait one day. Tiger hunting at Djiring sounded luxurious, for the houses sheltered you so completely that you could do crossword puzzles while you watched the bait, only eighteen feet away. But the thrill of the tiger's appearance was the same wild thrill—Arthur said that when those two cubs streamed across his vision he thought the longest tiger in the world was going by!

We were sad not to have the time to go to Angkor Vat. Harry had made the trip in two days' motoring, with a night's stop at Phnom-Penh, the capital of Cambodia. The place is pronounced simply Nom-Pen, the *Ph* and the *h* being silent as Coolidge.

Now the sights of Phnom-Penh are these: the reigning monarch, Sisowath, in full blaze of state costume with radiating shoulder plates of gilt—failing the king, a photograph must do; the palace with its sunburst of radiating roofs—radiation is the note in Cambodian architecture—and its Silver Pagoda and its audience hall with two thrones, one of them occupied by a gilt statue of the king; the Khmer Museum with its treasures of antiquity and the court dancers. Here in the supple bodies of these impassive-faced little creatures the past and the present of Cambodian art are one.

The Cambodians are the descendants of the old Khmers, who ruled a kingdom stretching from the Annamite chain on the east to the present Siamese border on the west, and from the Dangrex range south to the China Sea and the Gulf of Siam. One of the great emperors, Yacovarman, founded the city of Angkor for his capital and a succession of strong rulers added their monuments. There was an "impregnable, terrifying" walled city, Angkor Thom, with its temples and palaces and a separate great temple without the walls, Angkor Vat.

Only on the walls of their buildings can the history of these proud days be read, and on certain tablets in Sanskrit, for they left not a written record behind. The only description of them is in the memoirs of Tchu-Ta-Kuan, a Chinese ambassador

from the Mongol emperor, who came in 1296, about eight hundred years after the first stone of Angkor was laid.

For eight hundred years Angkor reigned, but the might of the Khmers was softened by luxury, and even as the Chinaman wrote of them, the Siamese were storming their frontiers. The Khmers went down to ruin, the people were massacred, wide territories taken by the Siamese.

The royal city was left desolate and the jungle closed over it, obliterating all trace. Men forgot that it had existed. White men had never known.

For five hundred and fifty years the city lay there, stifled and strangled in the jungle's hold. Wild beasts made their lairs in the Courts of Honor, strong roots thrust the giant stones apart, vines and creepers netted the carved monsters in impenetrable coverts.

Then in 1850 a French missionary plodding through the wilderness stumbled over a heathen god. Then an army of gods—battalions of broken masonry —a lost world. His religious soul thought it hardly worth writing home about. But ten years later, there came a naturalist from Siam, Henri Mouro<u>t,</u> to explore the ruins, who sowed the seed that forty-seven years afterwards resulted in France's effecting the restoration to Cambodia of the three lost provinces that held these ancient ruins.

One uses the word "ancient" involuntarily in speak-

ing of ruins but Angkor is a child among the earth's monuments. Charlemagne was sharpening his sword for Spain about the time its first stone monument was built, and when the last great temple was being added to the existing splendors, we English—for we were English then—were objecting sturdily to a woman—Matilda—on the throne and crowning the Pretender Stephen in Westminster. Little we knew of a dark-skinned emperor on his gold-hung elephant at Angkor, or of the great blocks of stone being reared and sculptured in the jungle!

Eight hours of motoring from Phnom-Penh brings one to Siem-Reap, on the shore of the Great Lake. Until the motor road was completed a short time ago one made the journey by water, along the Mekong and the Tonlé-Sap, that remarkable tributary which reverses itself every six months, flowing north during the rains into the Great Lake, then south, in the dry season, draining the lake.

This Great Lake is sixty-eight miles long, about as long as Kivu in Africa, and one of the world's best fishing grounds, supporting a population to-day of thirty thousand.

Angkor Vat, the vast temple, moat-surrounded, is reached by a long causeway from the west. It is the best preserved of all the Angkor monuments, for its island site saved it from the jungle inroads. It was built, according to Aymonier, probably during the

twelfth century, and though begun in honor of Brahma, whose influence predominates, was ultimately dedicated to Buddha.

Crossing the moat one passes into a portico that is a building by itself. The great stones of its vaulted roof are held in place solely by their own weight—the true arch is not found in Angkor, though China had been employing it from undated times. Out of the portico another causeway brings you before the Vat itself, a literal mountain encased in stone, a mountain made from the earth excavated from the thirty-mile moat.

The whole structure is in three terraces, mounting to the apex tower; there are four other towers that rise from the corners of the third story, lotus-bud towers that stand reflected in the still moat. There are cloisters and galleries, libraries, pavilions, colonnades—notable for form and for a sense of spaciousness is the corridor between the first and second stories on the west—all in fine and harmonious decoration.

The bas-beliefs are the triumph of the temple. Nothing that is known in the world to-day can touch them in their immensity and stirring vigor. Round and round the walls they stretch, scene after scene of the old Khmer civilization—marching armies, triumphant kings, elephants and chariots, dancing girls, ladies in palanquins, pleasure boats and royal feasts,

great scenes of gods at war, of the final judgment and of Heaven and Hell. It is the life of a lost world.

H. Bigelow came away with a profound admiration for the old Khmer builders. The feeling that the place gave him was neither the soaring effect of the cathedrals, nor the magic lightness and perfection of the Taj, but a sense of solidity and firmness that was not heaviness nor oppression, an awareness of fine balance and unity and harmony in the interlocking and symmetrical character of the structure. Nothing of the heaviness that there is in pre-Mogol Indian temples weighs it down.

Angkor Thom, the forgotten city, lies a quarter of a mile away, deep in the jungle that has been hardly fought back from it. Its walls are ruins; thickets sprout from the royal terraces, shrubs rear themselves from the roofs. A furry creature whisks into its hole in the terrace of the leper king.

Naga, himself, the great stone snake whose symbol is everywhere at Angkor, forming miles of undulating balustrade, has been smothered by the writhing creepers. Sometimes a huge lion rears its head from the mass of vegetation; sometimes an old elephant stands patiently embowered.

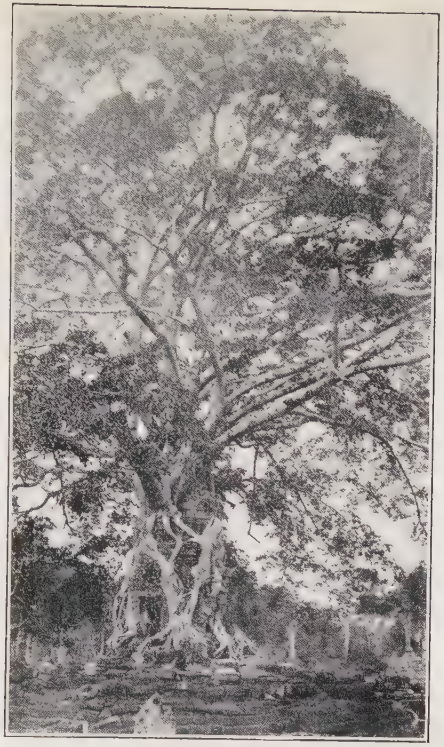
The down-dropping roots of a great banyan tree have seized a temple in their grip; from the heart of the trunk a quiet god looks out.

And these stones are only the beginning. In the dark jungle beyond men are again stumbling over broken gods, to reveal, who knows what, of former times.

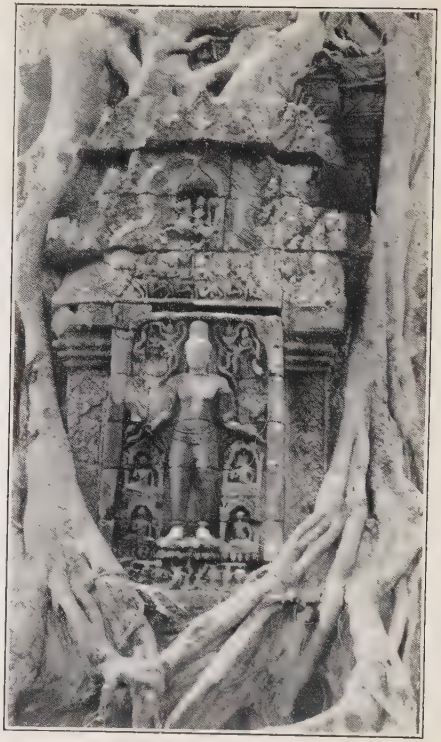
Our only adventure in Saigon was the tablecloth. Under French tutelage the natives have become adepts at making fine needlework lace, with true linen thread, and I wanted to buy a lace tablecloth. But Herbert had two days of fever which kept me indoors, and when he recovered and we sallied out, on purchasing bent, we found it was the twenty-first of May, Ascension Day, and every French shop was closed.

The glass windows were full of tempting lace and jade but the doors were barred. However, we found a native shop with beautiful things, the very cloth I wanted—but how to buy it? We were sailing that night and had drawn on our letter of credit no more than we needed for the hotel bills, thinking we could go and get more when we had decided on the extent of our purchases. We had not realized the meaning of Ascension Day.

Now the bank was closed, our piasters were exhausted, the American Consul was elsewhere. The cloth was a hundred and seventy-five piasters—about a thousand francs, and we had only thirty dollars in the crowd. But we had American Express checks, so we put the native and his lace cloth in a ricksha and

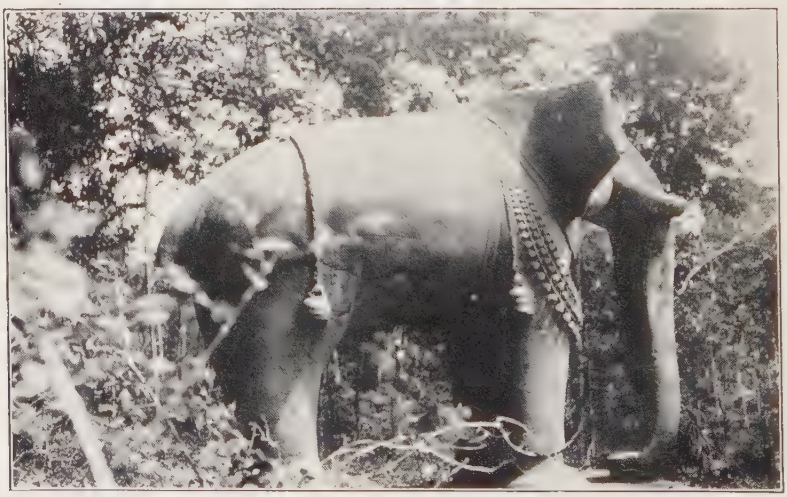


A TREE-STRANGLED TEMPLE



A DETAIL OF THE TEMPLE
IN THE TREE

RUINS OF ANGKOR



THE STONE ELEPHANTS ARE SNARED BY THE JUNGLE

bade him follow us to the hotel where we would get the money.

We exhibited the American Express checks to the Grande Rotonde and expressed our need. We had just paid that hotel a bill of some hundreds of dollars and we thought them convinced of our solvency and of the solvency of the American Express Company. But neither had any standing with the Grande Rotonde. They would have nothing to do with the checks.

Thence to the Continental Hotel, the native and the tablecloth following in the ricksha. The Continental did not know us, but we hoped that the management there would know the American Express Company. Not so. Not a check would they cash. Not a piaster. Not a franc. Not a sou. They regretted—but the American Express checks were unknown.

The trader sat in his ricksha and hugged his lace to him. I think he was afraid that we would try violence next. We did think of trying the governor, but even I quailed at the thought of dashing up to the gubernatorial mansion and demanding a thousand francs. The men of the party tried to tell me that I did not want the lace cloth, but I knew better. I knew it was the only cloth in the world that I wanted.

Night had fallen and it was nearly time to sail. Some one, in desperation, mentioned the ship's purser

so we headed for the ship, with our man trailing behind in the ricksha, foreboding dimly that he was to be carried off and robbed. Whenever his ricksha got in speaking distance he began to emit conversation in an anxious key to which we shouted back peremptory commands.

On board the *Porthos* everything was quiet; the hour was late and all the occupants of the boat seemed to have retired, except a barefoot sailor or two, swabbing the deck. I asked for the purser, or the *maître d'hôtel,* as his title ran and learned that he was abed and asleep.

I asked for his stateroom. About this time the three masculines of the party began to evaporate; they detached themselves from me and my tablecloth; they manifested an intent interest in distant signs and sailing lists.

I was suffering qualms myself, when I went to the door and knocked. I could picture the state of mind of a sleeping man, roused from his bed and confronted by a total stranger who explains in nervous French that she is sailing on his boat and wants to borrow a thousand francs to buy a tablecloth! I steeled myself for the worst.

The door was flung open. A very sleepy man appeared in fierce black mustaches and pajama trousers. He smiled in instant politeness and began donning the pajama jacket which was no part, evidently, of

his customary *toilette de nuit*. I began apologetically; he stunned me with reassurance. He understood—Ascension Day—how awkward—how much did I require? A thousand francs? Certainly.

He disappeared; he returned with a thousand francs. He accepted graciously, but negligently, the card on which my husband—the three men had now collected to support me—had scribbled an I. O. U. With polite good-nights he returned to his interrupted sleep.

I paid the vendor, who was surprised at nothing now, and took my tablecloth to my stateroom.

For sheer courtesy that *maître d'hôtel* had no equal. When we left the *Porthos* at Hongkong he bade us farewell and told us to return to the boat any time that day with the money. For all he knew we might have been insolvent or dishonest. He accepted nothing but the mildest of cigarettes and the pleasure of having been of service to us.

Perhaps that has influenced me in my attitude to the national debt. I am sorry that my attitude has so little weight. At any rate it softens even my resentment against the motor tariff of Indo-China—though I feel something should be done about that.

Two things in Hongkong stand out in memory—the view of the harbor from the heights of the mountain, and the beauty of a Chinese actress.

I had been prepared for boys in the women's parts

when I went to the Ti Ping theater, but a courteous English-speaking Chinese who did some interpreting for us, told us that we were very fortunate, that we would see an actress of amazing beauty, the favorite of the quarter.

We were the only Occidentals in the theater. We sat among the plutocrats in the five-dollar seats—five dollars Hongkong or Mex—and about us were silk-clad grandees in embroidered robes and student-ish young men in European dress and horn-rimmed spectacles, and behind us a motley assemblage that graded down to barelegged coolies on the back benches.

The place was a pandemonium. Conversation went on everywhere and the vendors, of tea, cushions, dried pumpkin seeds, towels and fans conducted their operations with raised voices to carry through the amazing noises of the orchestra. Up and down the aisles went these vendors, swinging boiling kettles and handing about tilting cups of scalding tea, or carrying caldrons of steaming water from which they wrung out large Turkish towels.

At a signal from some perspiring member of the audience the vendor screwed up a towel and hurled it over the near-by heads to the customer, who unscrewed it, mopped his shaven head, his chest, his armpits or anything else that took his fancy, screwed it up again and hurled it back, to be resoaked in the cal-

dron, and redischarged. The thing was always aimed with splendid accuracy; never once did I see a towel fail to hit its rightful recipient, though I watched unremittingly.

The orchestra fascinated me; there were eleven musicians to begin with, clad negligently in white cotton undershirts and long black trousers; as they warmed with their exertions they unbuttoned their undershirts and the freer spirits discarded them altogether. They played apparently by improvisation, sometimes spurred to paroxysms of fury, sometimes subsiding sullenly to monotonous clanging of gongs. From time to time some of them stopped and meandered out and once a mere trio was left to wreak destruction on the air.

There were five principals in the piece and about fifteen property men, if one included their families, a flock of young who crowded on the stage, being helpful if pushed to it, but generally occupying space and staring, slant-eyed, at some phase of acting that caught their interest. The actors had to fight hard for every inch of stage.

I had never seen a true Chinese "invisible" property man at his work before, and I was enthralled by this business of opportune assistance. Whenever an actor wished to kneel before the tomb of his ancestor the property man placed a chair—the tomb—and spread down a little mat, thoughtfully arranging the

actor's robes; whenever the action of the play required fans or swords or pillows or singing birds the property man handed them out.

There was a chair that was in turn a shrine, a mountain—the property man helped the actor over with much decorous placing of skirts—and a wall. Bamboo canes did duty for the horses in the piece, but as they were short one cane, one actor had to prance and curvet and gambol astride his imagination.

Sometimes the property man came on and fanned the hero when he was growing heated during a harangue; and there was one lovely moment when an actor stopped short in a violent falsetto crescendo of song, turned his back to the audience, walked up stage, received and drank slowly a cup of tea, walked down to the footlights again and recommenced his violence.

The story was a very confusing affair in which the clearest incident was the refusal of the hero's mother to his marriage with the one person whom he wished to marry. He seemed to be dutifully trying marriage, however, with several other persons, and at these points the interpreting of the kindly Chinese near us grew vague and took refuge in the remark that the play was old, very old, and very funny. Certainly at times there were roars of laughter from the audience.

All along, I kept identifying each new actress as

the beauty, but when she came I knew her. The scene was in a garden and she was a princess among her flowers. A fairy princess she was to see, very tall and incredibly lovely, so lovely that the sheer flawlessness of her perfection took your breath away.

She was ebony and ivory, with a delicate rose on her oval cheeks; her black hair was done with pearls; her robes were delicate lemon and Madonna blue, with edges of tender pink and gold and silver intricacies of braid. She was absolutely ravishing. She was something out of a dream.

For half an hour, literally, that image of beauty was alone upon the stage, lifting her flowers, changing from one charming attitude to the other, holding that audience spellbound by the tranquil succession of ethereal pictures. Then the play went on.

She was beauty through it all but that first half hour was something never to be forgotten.

We spent our evenings at the theater, dining first at some Chinese hotel where little Sing-Song girls played to us. At dinner hour the streets were full of hurrying rickshas carrying those little silken, painted figures, clasping their musical instruments, to some entertainment. There were two general classes, "good girls," and just girls.

"You want good girl?" the management said to us, appraising our respectability.

They were very young and pretty, those "good

girls" who came and sung us their unintelligible little songs and played their strange instruments with their long and lovely fingers with their long and glittering nails; they smiled discreetly, at our ignorance, and regretted politely that their words could have no meaning for us.

Our days were busy in the long Queen's road and its rabbit warren of side streets, replenishing our wardrobes, and trying not to buy too much linen and jade.

"Wait for Shanghai for linens," said experienced friends.

So we waited. We knew nothing of trouble in Shanghai, though we knew there was a strike in Canton and we had given up the trip there for fear of not getting back in time to our boat.

No word of alarm reached us through the wireless on our boat and when we reached the bund at Shanghai, at evening, we hurried off at once, resolved not to dine on board, but at some Chinese place.

Harry Bigelow remembered an address from a former trip, and we gave that to the ricksha boys. After long jogging through dark streets we were deposited upon a corner, in the center of what seemed the storming of the Bastille.

The place was surging with Chinese. Not a European in sight. We congratulated ourselves upon Harry's knowledge of the old Chinese quarter, and

we supposed that Europeans in Shanghai became so wonted to its picturesqueness that they stayed in their own conventional quarters. Not even a stray traveler like ourselves was poking about.

The only alien was a huge Sikh policeman in a towering turban who stood, apparently on guard, at one corner. Eight Europeans had been shot on that corner that afternoon, but we did not know this. We did not know that any one had been shot anywhere. We accepted the Sikh policeman and the swarming Chinese as part of the night life of a fascinating city.

But we were a little puzzled that the shops were closed and that there were chains across the restaurant to which Harry was conducting us.

We asked the nearest Chinese where we could dine—our only intelligible Chinese words were dinner and dollar. We flourished these with hopeful inflections, and he looked startled, and the big Sikh broke into Hindustani that was certainly meant to be violently dissuading.

We thought that he probably didn't like Chinese food and that his Indian dignity was hurt by having white overlords seek the food of the coolies under him. But we were not there to cater to his sense of the fitness of things and we turned away, following a young Chinese who had pushed out to the crowd about us and made signs for us to follow.

Off we went, the four of us after him, and the en-

tire Chinese quarter trailing after. We commented on the fact that it seemed remarkably strange to them to have Europeans in their midst, and we continued to deduce that the resident English kept to their own streets. We were enchanted with our own rarity, on such a tourist trail.

On we followed, the center now of a parade. Everybody was explaining us to everybody else. We wound through streets that became scanter and scanter of space and fuller and fuller of people; the environment was more and more Chinese each instant. Finally we reached a road that was a narrow cañon between high houses; it was a gay-looking place for the houses were all faced by galleries and the galleries hung with bird cages and paper lanterns and decorative signs, and thronged with bright-garmented people.

Our guide took us in an entrance and the proprietor popped out from behind a screen and, after squeaking like a rabbit with astonishment, fell into line at the head of the procession and conducted us up four flights of stairs, to a big front room that opened on a balcony.

We decided that if they intended to murder us—for some few such thoughts did trickle through our cheerful heads—that they were going to make it a public spectacle.

"I suppose this is all right?" said Herbert dubiously

to Harry, implying that his was the responsibility since he had guided us to the original restaurant and his was the second word of Chinese.

Arthur, who had conscientiously packed a gun all the way through Africa, felt of his empty hip reflectively, and wondered if we had mentioned anything definite to Miss Williams about our destination.

Certainly we were creating a sensation. Heads were popping around screens; there was a cessation of the Mah Jong playing in the next room and its occupants stole out to their balcony and peered around into ours.

We used our words on the proprietor, indicating dinner and how much we were willing to pay for it, and a waiter with a limited English vocabulary and more limited comprehension of our English, conferred with us about foods.

"They'll probably stick us," said Harry, "but it is worth it."

I didn't like that phrase, "stick us."

We waited. The Mah Jong playing recommenced, with an incessant slapping of tiles, and outbursts of monosyllabic speech. But when we wandered out to the balcony the next room grew still, the voices whispered.

Opposite us was a brightly lighted house with pretty girls on the galleries, a boarding house for Sing-Song girls, the waiter explained. One of them

was pinning a green flower in her sleek black hair; she smoothed down the pink silk jacket, gold buttoned to her slender throat, ran her hands down the sides of her slim black satin trousers, thrust her feet into gaily embroidered slippers, caught up her guitar and hurried down the stairs into the ricksha we saw waiting.

We wandered back into the room and the whispering near us ceased; the playing and talking resumed. Bits of song began to drift in; the twang of a musical instrument and the intonations of a voice. . . . The air was rich with perfumes and incense. . . . Presently a bevy of waiters in slatternly white coats and trousers began putting dishes on the heavy teakwood table and the food arrived.

It was the best Chinese food that we had ever had, from the dried pumpkin seeds to the uncatalogued soup and Bombay duck. There were strange morsels, dripping with sauces and a flotilla of condiment dishes, heady wine and that we did not drink, and rice, always more rice, and tea, more and more tea.

At intervals a waiter came about with a steaming, wrung-out Turkish towel, richly perfumed, and we appreciated it.

It was a good meal and gratifyingly Chinese and when we called for the reckoning the proprietor lived up to the highest Chinese standards of honesty, by taking off the cost of the wine we had not drunk, so

that he charged us less than we had offered him.

Then we were offered opium. The places were ready for us, uninviting seats of wood, with a block for the head to slumber on when the pipe had got in its work, but we felt this was hardly the place for new experiences, and filed out amid a succession of ducking bows. Our original guide materialized and we went out of the quarter with the same surging accompaniment of onlookers with which we entered it. Nobody jostled and nobody shoved but everybody came along.

Then, little by little they fell away, till only a beggarly half dozen were left, and at last our guide halted and waved us ahead. We walked several squares through the darkness of unlit streets and reached the Bund just as a detail of soldiers came hauling along a machine gun. It seemed to us strangely out of place in that friendly atmosphere.

Back on the boat we learned the news. There had been riots and shooting. No one had left the ship, except for discreet strolls about the Bund.

But our excursion had so persuaded us of the essential friendliness of the city that next morning we took Alice and Miss Williams for a shopping trip down the wide avenue in the English section. But almost every shop was closed and the linens and jades in the windows were as inaccessible as those of Saigon on Ascension Day.

On we walked, intending to invade the Chinese quarter, when suddenly a tram came rattling back down the street with every window smashed. A hurrying Englishman told us that some people had just been killed three squares away and there was going to be trouble. Abruptly we turned back; the shops that had been open were now slipping bolts and bars in place. A double file of soldiers appeared on the other side of the street, marching towards the outbreak. We put Alice in the center of our circle for what protection our meager frames afforded, and went briskly back to the ship.

And that was all of China, save its low, treeless coastline slipping past as we steamed away to Japan.

Nagasaki was a clatter of clogs in the night. Click, clack, up and down the cobbled streets, like a stick along a picket fence. Several ships' crews were in and all the population of the town was out and about; bright-faced shops were open, with swaying lanterns shining rosily on silks and ivory and tortoise shell; young, kimono-clad girls, who should no doubt have been home and asleep at this hour, were loitering and tittering at corners with almond-eyed glances at the sailor groups.

To travel hastily through Japan is like looking over a series of its own prints. The inland sea with its fringed islands—why, thats Hokusai! And the rice fields in the morning mists—how fond the Jap-

anese are of that aerial perspective! And there's a Harunobu lady in rose and olive draperies, pouring tea. . . . And those two lovers under the umbrella are in *beautiful* condition. . . . That's always a favorite subject.

My impressions of some of the scenes were a little blurred by a bronchitis that insisted upon having its feverish way with me while I insisted on Japan. We compromised, however; the bronchitis gave me the days and took the nights. And it gave me a night off, too, to go to a play, I'll say that for it, but it got even, as it thought, by having a crisis in the upper berth of a second-class Japanese sleeping car—the first-class berths being all preëmpted in spite of our tickets' claims. Even my delirium was rather second-class Japanese—I saw the concerned faces appearing at the edge of my berth as the bobbing lanterns of a fête.

A little limp from this contest, I clung to the rail of the regained *Empress of India,* and looked shoreward to Yokohama, a Yokohama still disheveled from its earthquake. Firecrackers of farewell were popping about us and long streamers of confetti whirled from ship to shore and from shore to ship, netting us in a tangle of colored bands.

We held on as if we could hold on forever to Japan, to the Orient. Those streamers seemed to reach back and tie us to our old haunts—to the painted villages

of Sumatra with the matriarchal women in cloth of gold, to the palm-shadowed ways paced by slow-moving bullocks, to the high pines of Indo-China where the shy deer browse, and the wild gaur range, and the tigers track their prey.

Snap—the last thread. Let them go. No parting can take what we have had of new life and experience; no parting can take Aristide from us, not the skin of him—even now hanging on the bridge and dripping saltily upon the captain's spotless deck—nor the vision of him in his lordly life, bright and terrible and beautiful, as he came out of the wild jungle.

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NEW YORK LONDON

Hunting Tigers in Eastern Jungles

N.Y.Times, June 30, 1929

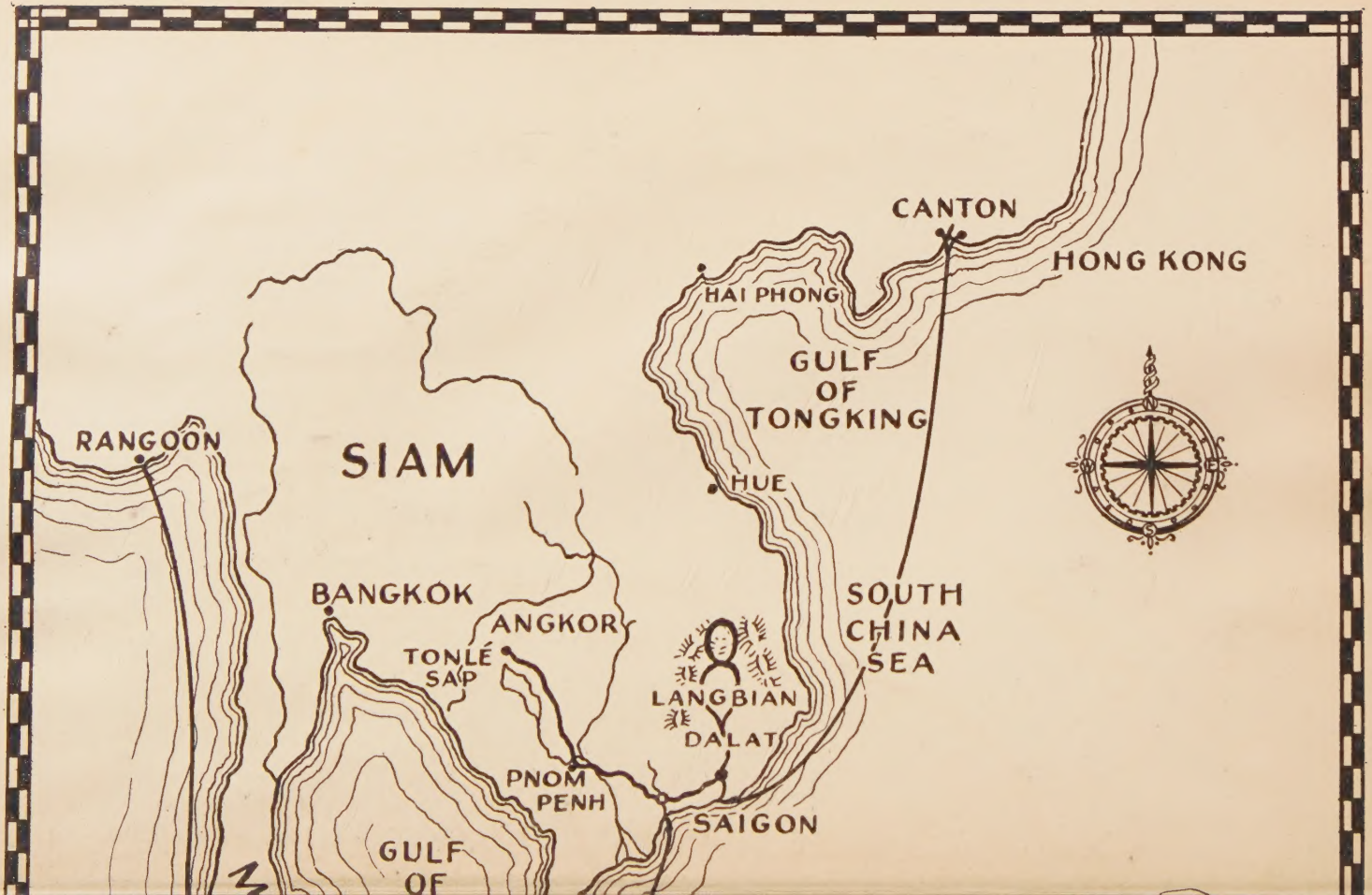
TRAILING THE TIGER. By Mary Hastings Bradley. Illustrated. 246 pp. New York: D. Appleton & Co. $3.50.

IT was late afternoon in a jungle of Siam and Mrs. Bradley and her husband were posted behind a blind with peepholes upon a dead buffalo—she says he was very dead and hourly getting more so—where they had waited motionless and soundless ever since the night before for the tiger that still did not appear. For weeks they had been enthusiastically chasing tigers, or, rather, waiting for tigers to come out and be chased, and this was their last opportunity. On the next day they had to return to Saigon to sail for home, and they had journeyed all the way from Africa and across India and the Malay Peninsula and Sumatra and up into Indo-China to get a tiger. She had begun to feel that they were scorned by the whole tiger population of Asia, and that the journey was to be fruitless, and then:

> As I looked out, realizing every moment slipping by as something palpable, bearing forever away the chances it might have held—I saw something. Out of the wall of shadows came a gleam of gold and black—vivid as lightning against the green—and the tiger walked out of the jungle. Elephants by moonlight, lions at dawn, gorillas at blazing noon I had seen, but nothing was ever so beautiful and glorious to me as that tiger walking out of his jungle. He was everything that was wild and savage, lordly and sinister. He stood, projected vividly against the forest, and he looked enormous. Then he moved and seemed to flow along the ground, nearer and nearer. * * * Noiselessly we lifted the leaves over our peepholes and raised our guns to fill the opening. My eyes raced down the barrel of my rifle in frantic fear lest the vision of that tiger be gone. * * * I fired on the instant and the roar of Herbert's gun followed mine. Then the roar of the tiger drowned them both. * * * The tiger was lying stretched out about fifty yards from the buffalo. As we came up he roared with fury, dying as he was—dying by violence as he had lived. He had been terrible in life and he was terrible in death.

Measurement proved him a huge beast, a total of nine feet two inches from nose to tail tip, and forty-four inches in height.

Mrs. Bradley writes a most readable travel book, as much out of the ordinary as are the places she visits and the experiences she writes about. Those who have read her previous books recounting her adventures in Africa—one with the Akeley expedition, another into wildest Africa and a third telling of the experiences of her little daughter on these far trails—will know just the sort of vivid, amusing, colorful narrative to expect. The 9-year-old daughter was still a member of the party, which included also two Chicago University professors and the trained nurse who was the small Alice's guardian-companion, the same party of six, says the author, "who had just journeyed 3,500 miles through Africa, 1,400 of them on foot." In the opening chapter there is a swift series of changing pictures of India, but all the rest of the volume is given to accounts of their journeying through the lands where they hoped in some far corner to find and kill a tiger. It is a vivacious and picturesque narrative, filled with animated descriptions of their experiences in cities and native villages and jungles, told with humorous appreciation of whatever was ludicrous or amusing and filled with tales and anecdotes and instances. There is a chapter of tales of were-tigers weird enough and dramatic enough to put to shame any made-up horror yarn of civilized literature.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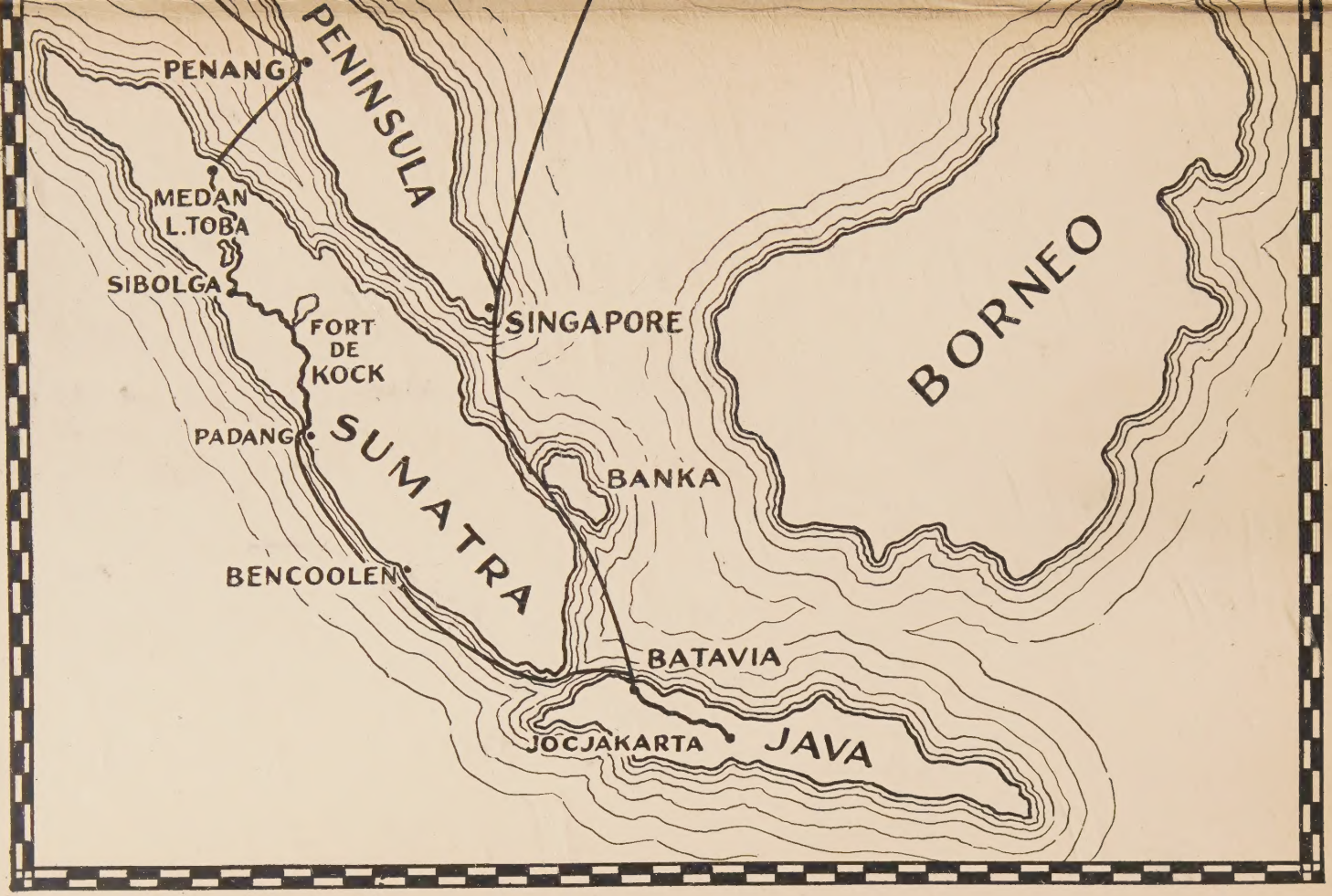
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